LE MONDE D'HERMÈS

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THE COMPANY OF OBJECTS

It's easy to forget them. And yet there they are, all around us. Placed on a table, tidied in a drawer, or left out within easy reach. But if we think about it, objects, those companions of our everyday lives, carry within them an invisible power of no small magnitude. Think of the sensual feel of leather, the softness of silk or of paper, the unique warmth of wood. And what of all the services they provide, like faithful friends whose mute, still presence tells us that they will always be there, whatever life may throw at us. For some, like the book, their structure was quick to emerge and durable once it had. For others, it took thousands of years, and the touch of thousands of artisans in a patient confrontation with the material, for their form, often a very elementary one, to become fixed.

"The deepest mysteries lie in the simplest natural objects", wrote the German philosopher Ludwig Feuerbach. In fact, if we could go deep into the infinitely small world of their inner composition, we would discover a hidden order that constitutes their texture, their colour, and their feel. The tremendous respect we cultivate for objects speaks volumes about Hermès. For they bring warmth to our homes just as surely as good friends.

Pierre-Alexis Dumas
Artistic Director of Hermès

JOHN LOBB

Lizard Heritage Coast, England

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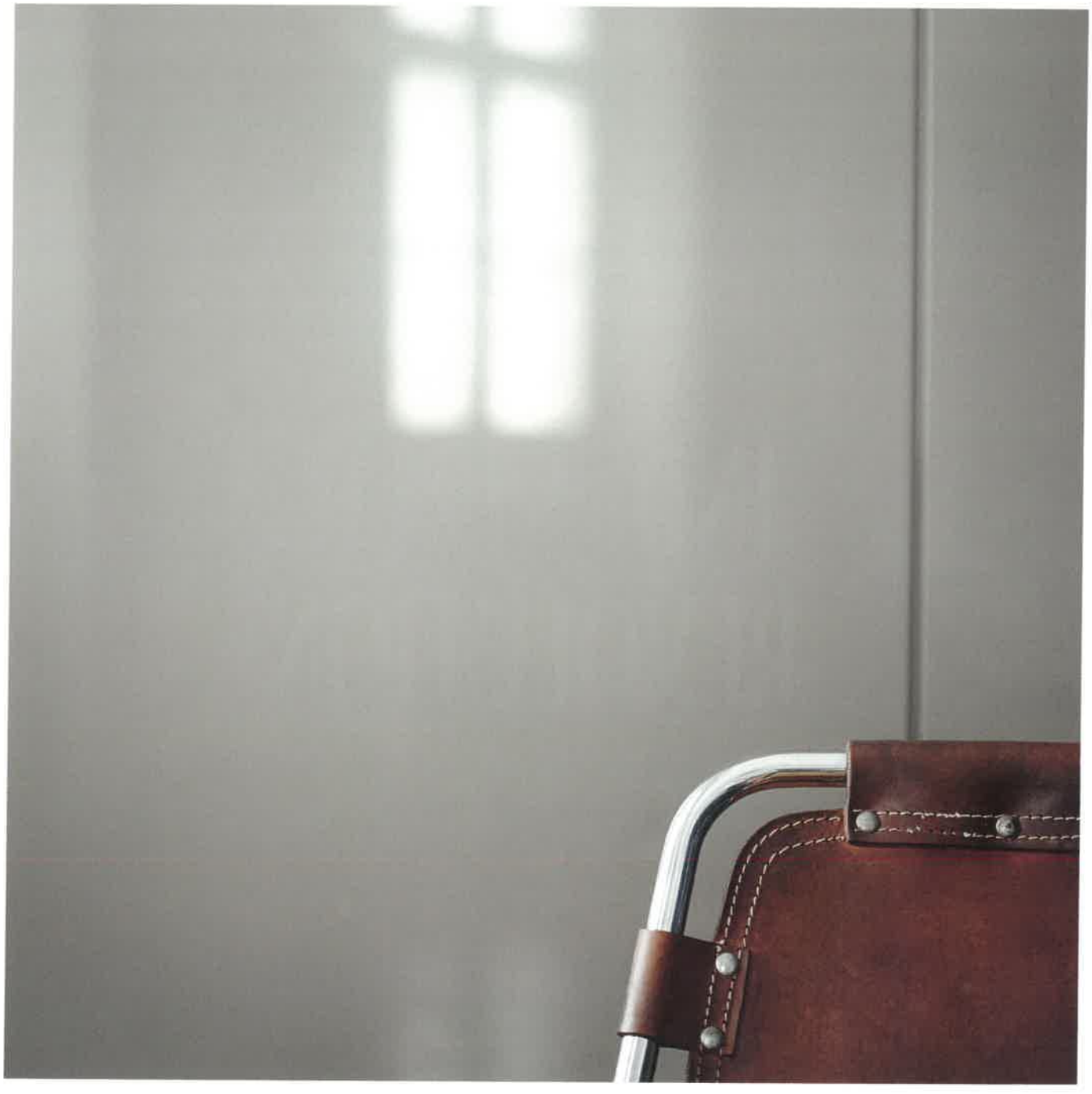

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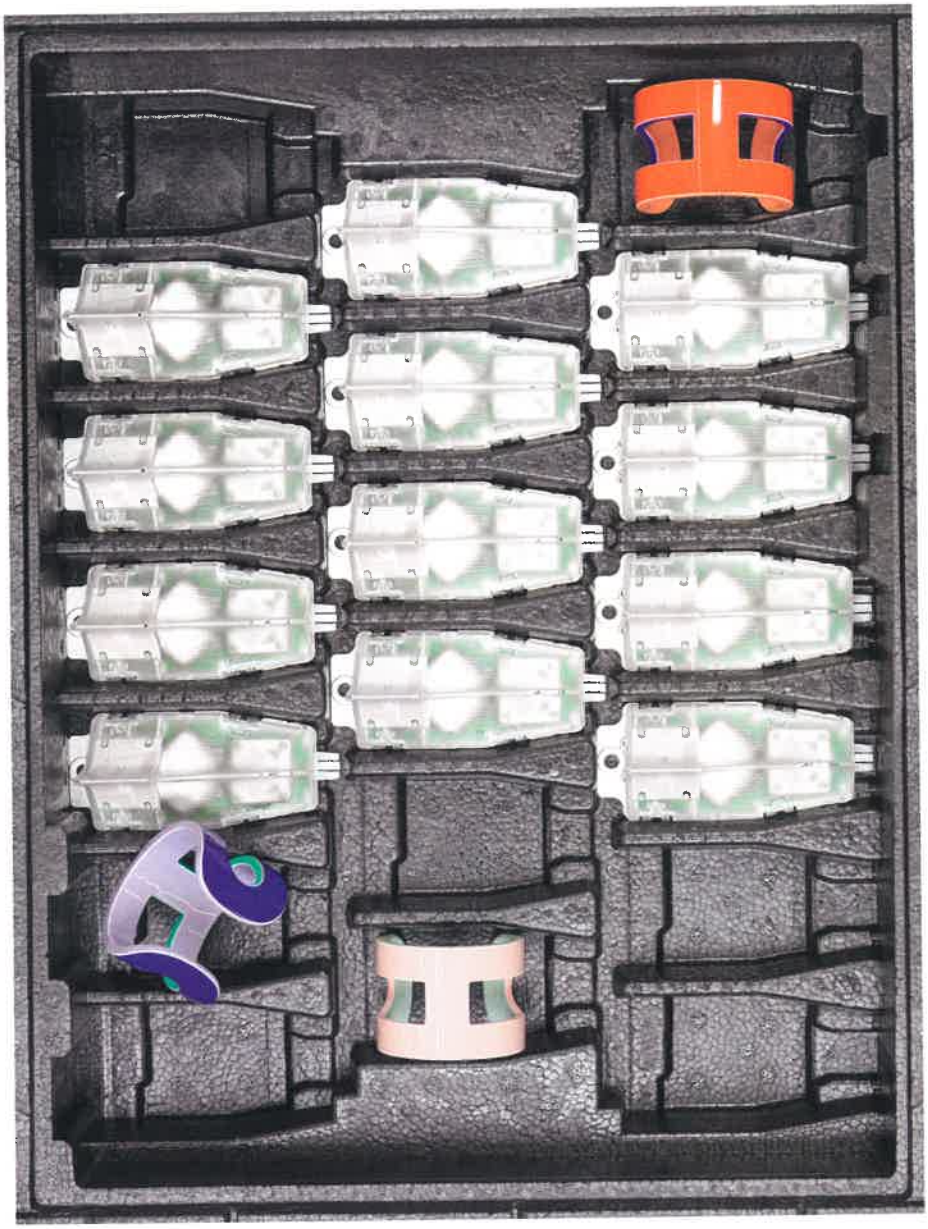
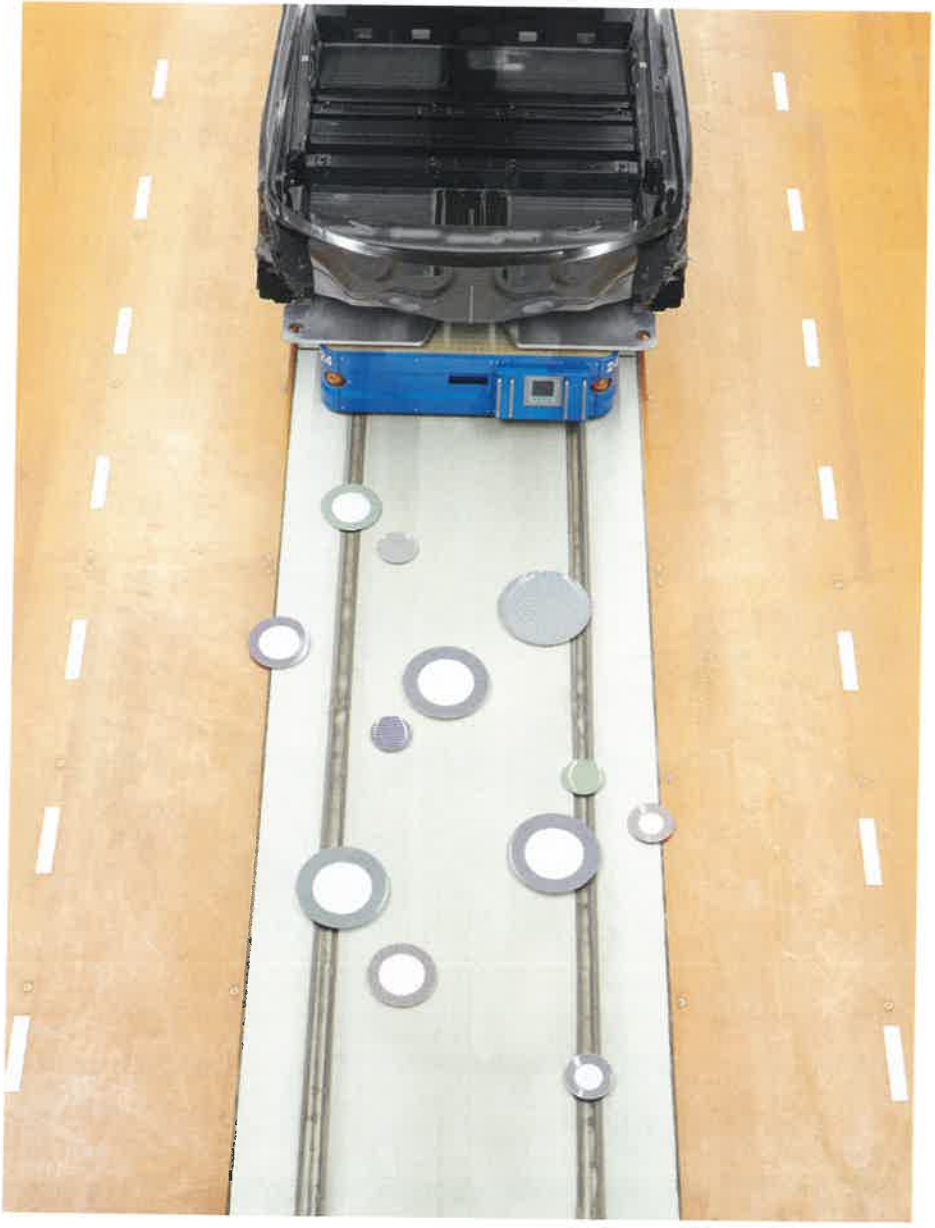
INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

Photography: Benedict Redgrove





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FUN AND GAMES

The objects shown in Hermès windows exhibit a very particular sense. Their deepest sense, perhaps. The sense of humour.

HERMÈS

Mumbai with a bang

In the best Pop Art style, a saddle bestrides a rocket and an electrifying spray of ties bursts into the window of the Mumbai store, explosively expressing the dynamism of the equestrian world and the chromatic energy of the men's accessories. Joyous fireworks for the eye.

Function junction in Moscow

Taking pride of place in the Moscow window, the *Voyage en Ikat* table service discovers some surprising new uses: a record player turntable, the axles of a train filled with unexpected passengers, a locomotive whistle – these plates are out for a spin and putting the imagination on new tracks.

HER

MES

STUDIED PASSAGE

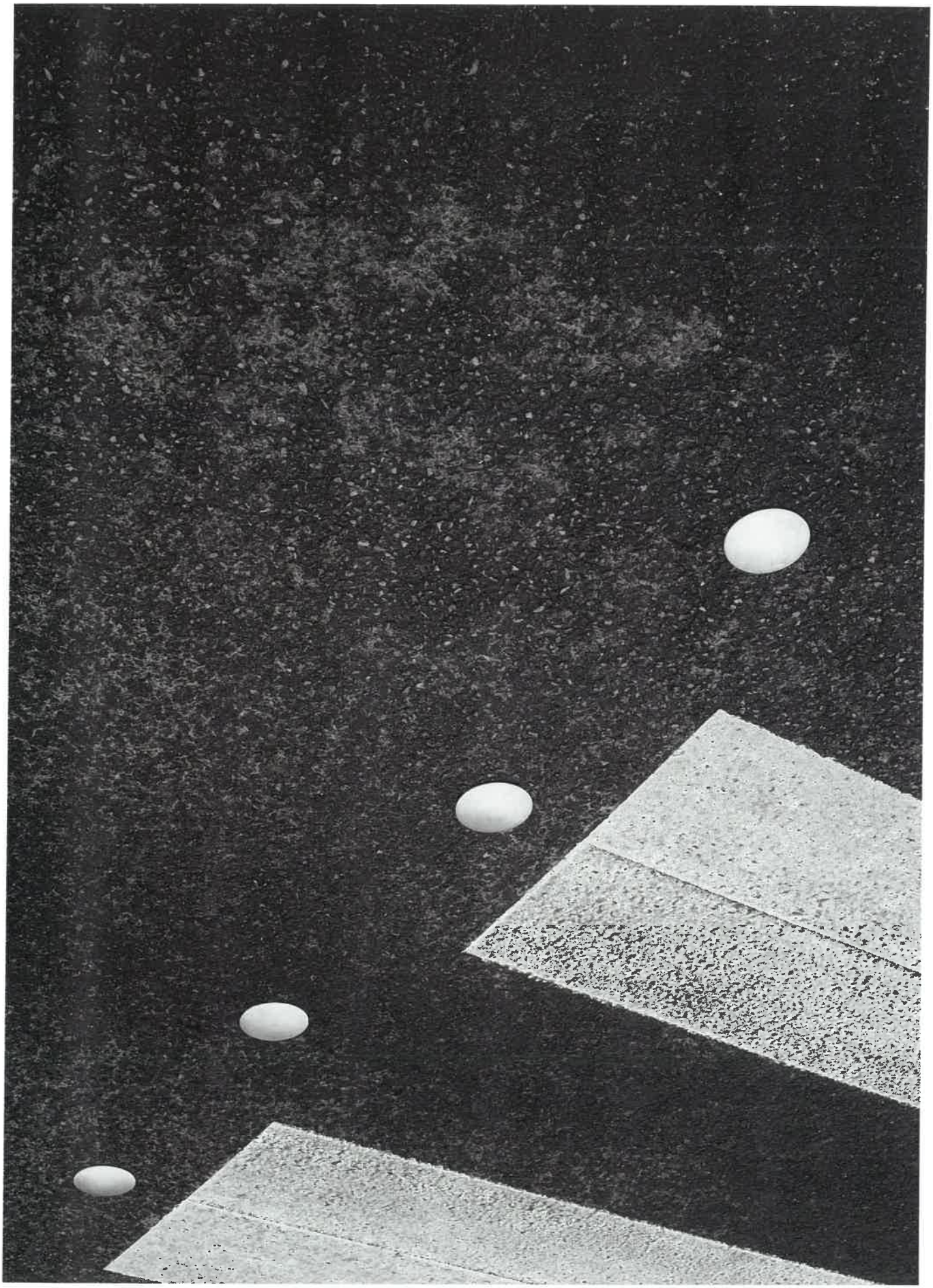
Text: Élisabeth Quin
Photography: Kate Jackling
Styling: Claude Néron

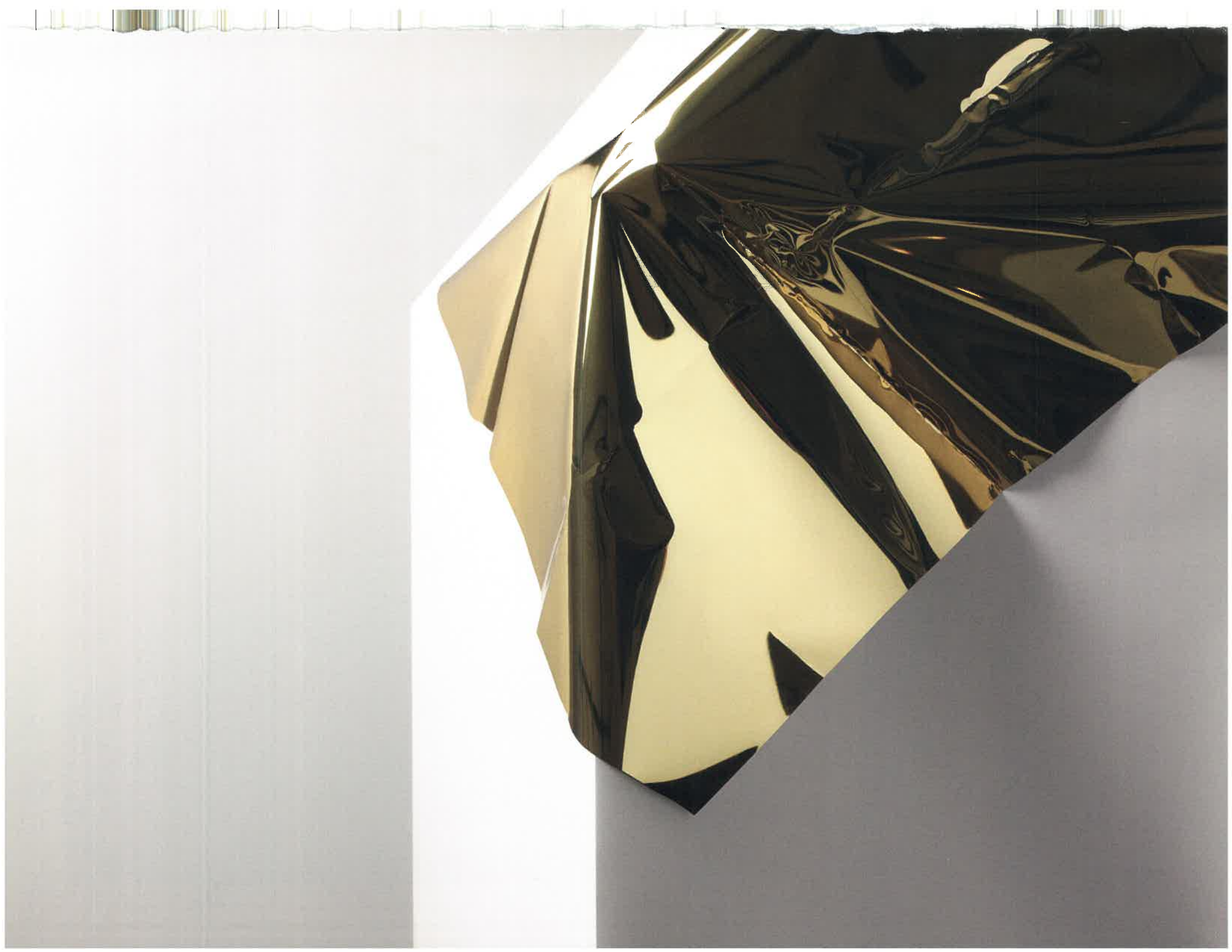
Passage clouté, the new line of jewellery and accessories, recalls a collection designed in the 1930s, a witty response to the studded pedestrian crossings introduced to Parisian streets in 1927.

It's funny that a French prefect of police should have been the unwitting originator of a Hermès jewellery collection. But as we know, irreverence can rhyme with elegance. Back in the day, beyond the ken of today's under-twenties, Parisian adults and children, walking in Indian file, would cross the road between the lines of steel studs introduced in pedestrian crossings by Prefect Jean Chiappe in 1927. By the 1950s, Paris had some 12,500 of these *passages cloutés*, or studded passages, comprising 700,000 studs in all. Each passage was a study in the existential itch of pedestrians torn between the temptation of transgression, by a diagonal or unruly crossing that ran the risk of accident, and a rule-abiding, straight-line wager on survival. The poor studs were pounded by cars and gored by the horns of metaphysical dilemmas.

In the 1930s, Chiappe's invention and its subliminally brutalist aesthetic inspired a jewellery collection from the house on Faubourg Saint-Honoré called *Sens unique*. One way. Single meaning. Is there a psychoanalyst in the house? Today's new line, *Passage clouté*, steers clear of nostalgia for the highway code. Necklaces, bracelets, chokers, pendants and belts play deftly on formal obsessions, the repeat motif and its uber-contemporary multi-meanings. As those smooth, round, convex studs inserted into Tadelakt leather are just like curving mirrors. The eye is compelled by the stud, that other pupil whose palladium-plated bulge reflects the Socratic injunction to "know yourself". And so there you are, equipped with one, two, three or four philosophical mirrors on your wrist, around your neck, or even on the strap of a bold shoe that will keep you walking in the right direction. Unless this stud is some kind of "witch's mirror". Robert Campin, Jan van Eyck (in his Arnolfini portrait) and Velázquez are among the painters who, since the fifteenth century, have used reflective surfaces to play games with perception. Their mirrors are like studs along the path to another dimension. As Oscar Wilde once observed, the true mystery of the world is the visible, not the invisible. This studded passage warrants study.

Following page: *Passage clouté* belt in Tadelakt calfskin and palladium-plated metal.





IN ORE

Text: François Simon
Photography: Philippe Lacombe
Styling: David de Quevedo

Immemorial, universal, adulated, yes, but in the hands of Hermès, gold remembers its simple materiality: malleable, sensual, voluptuous, ready to shine in the fine jewellery collections.

Gold means god, godhead and holy glows. Gold rush. Golden wedding. Gold medals. Golden calves. Gold's aura has made it as wearisome as it is intimidating. Picture it leaving the central bank with its ingot head and grey suit, its Cordovan leather briefcase. Gold is a funny old continent, sometimes adrift in latitudes beyond good and bad taste. Plating fancy plumbing, plundered and indulged, glinting on a molar. You can imagine what happened when gold knocked at Hermès' door. Ah… it's you. Hermès, specialist of silver diphthongs, cashmere discretion, saddle-stitch its subtle signature. *Gold*? Well, these days languages, continents and imaginations have become so nomadic, so fugacious. It took a fair bit of stoicism and detachment to rediscover gold's sinew, its nature, to rediscover its luxury. Pierre Hardy, creative director of fine jewellery at Hermès, has played around with the auriferous archetype; precisely because gold moves more as a symbol than as a raw material. He saw it coming. For him it was physical, not at all intimidating, malleable, and astonishingly sensual. Not a long way from Hermès femininity. It is a pure material – not far removed from the essential, in fact.

Ranging from the raw to the refined, gold has real scope. In that openness, in fashioning that fissure into chains, rings, loops and buckles, lies all the work accomplished by the house. After all, earth, horseshoes, dung, stables – this is a world that Hermès knows well. Feet solidly planted in the clay, aiming high for allegory, that familiar "sublime" which enchants us with its flights of fancy. This imaginary realm through which we thus travel, or which moves within us, leaves us in awe, amused and delighted. Gold has no qualms about being wrought. It has the simplicity of great souls. And the experience. Kneel and curtsy: it salutes, chest held straight, hand gloved. It knows the rigmarole. It snubs one continent, stuns another, divides one more. Pierre Hardy and his teams therefore went looking beyond inspiration, beyond meaning. Mining history, emerging from a pharaoh's tomb, dusting itself down with a sable-hair brush, redefining the point between naïve and primitive, aiming for that diffuse elegance, that elegance outside time and words – even those that leave just a trace on the lips, a knowing smile. This is a far cry from that pompous persona evoked above, that enigma progressing blithely through the ages in its palanquin. Here, gold recovers its original candour, its material youthfulness. You can almost hear it laugh at being so discreet, going unnoticed, becoming a mere shade. A metal. It could almost duck the issue and say, "I am not here", forget all its history, and throw itself into a new life. As a necklace, a bracelet, a watch. A comeback that is more like a fresh start. That, surely, is the magic of raw materials. Like the waters of a river, they belong to the legend of this world. They roar, then cross countries, hollow out frontiers, evaporate and join the heavens, returning as rain to replenish the river. Gold belongs to the same family.

EXERCISES IN QUOTIDIAN GEOMETRY

Illustrations: Karel Martens

Artist Karel Martens creates his simple, colourful compositions on sundry tickets, cards and other printed matter.

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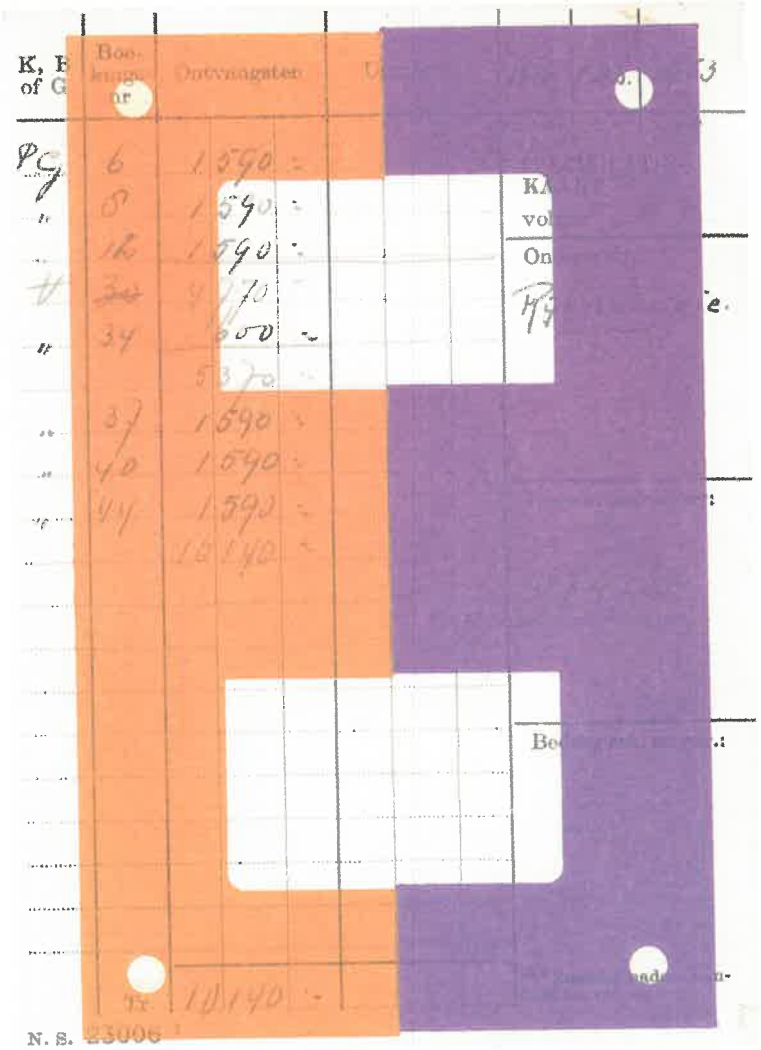
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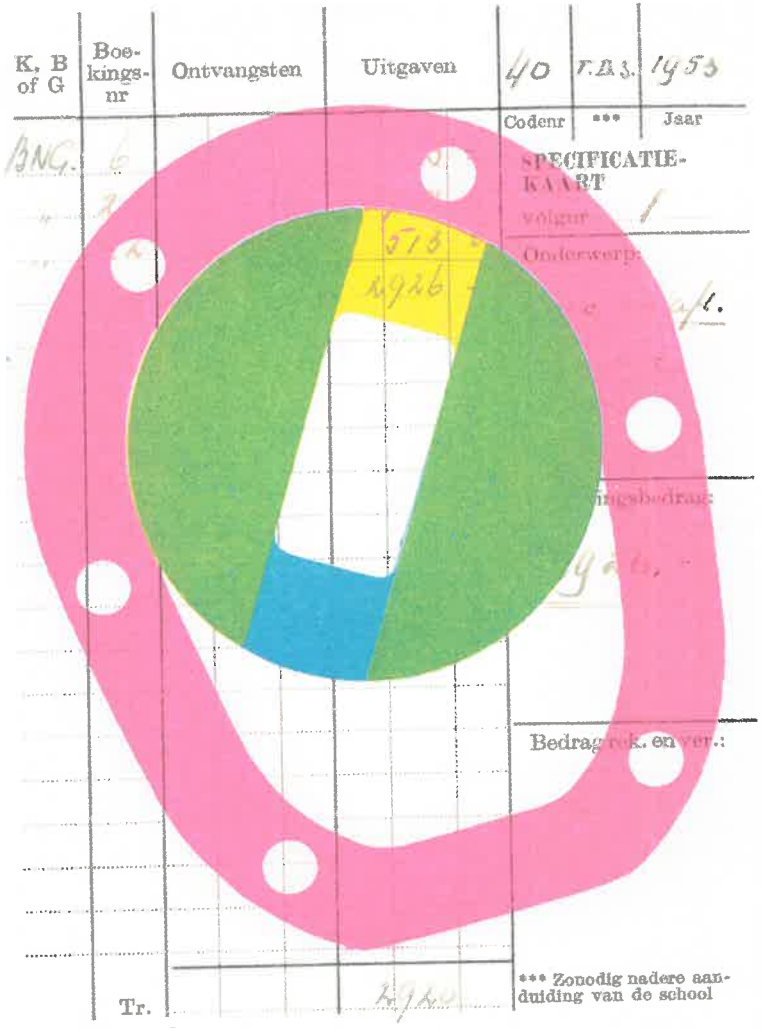
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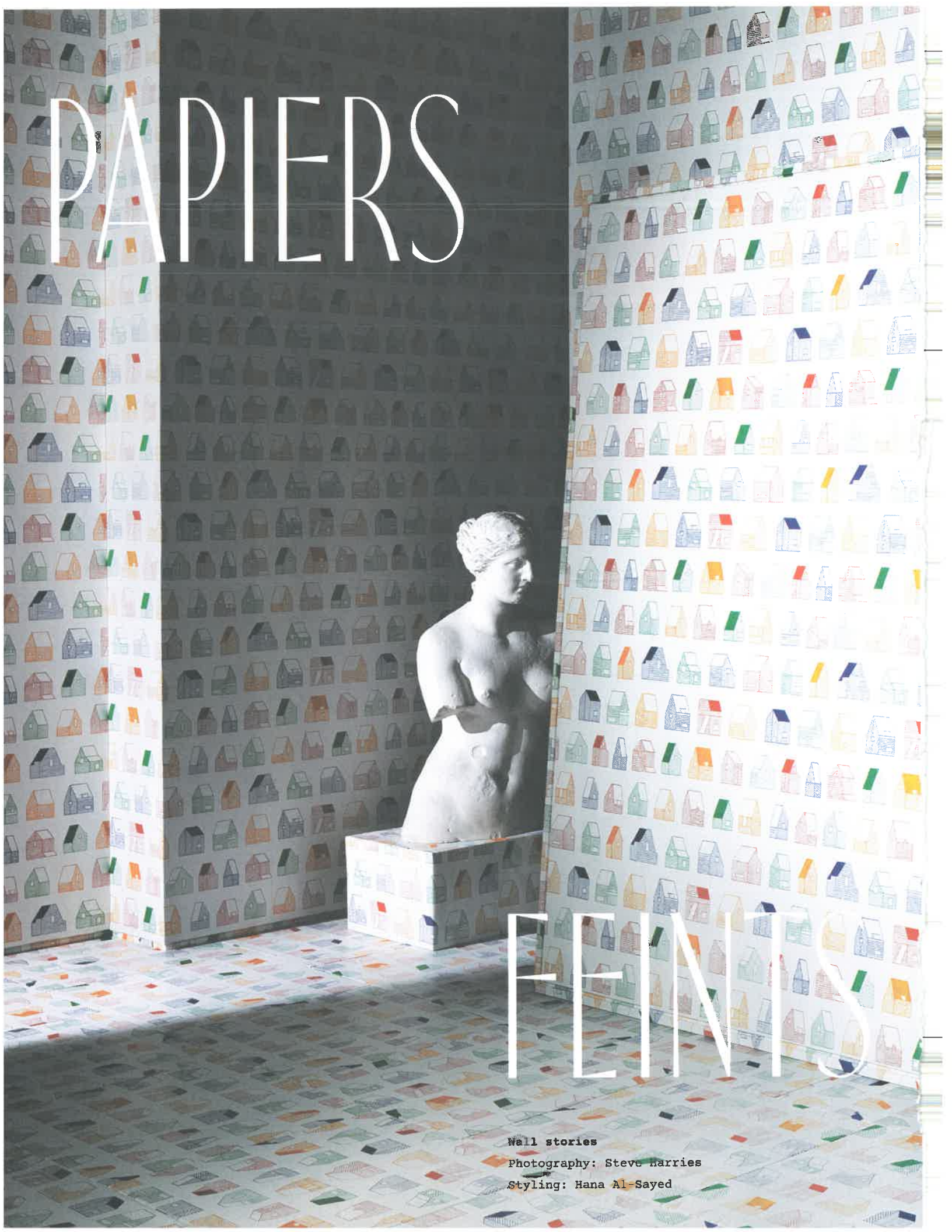
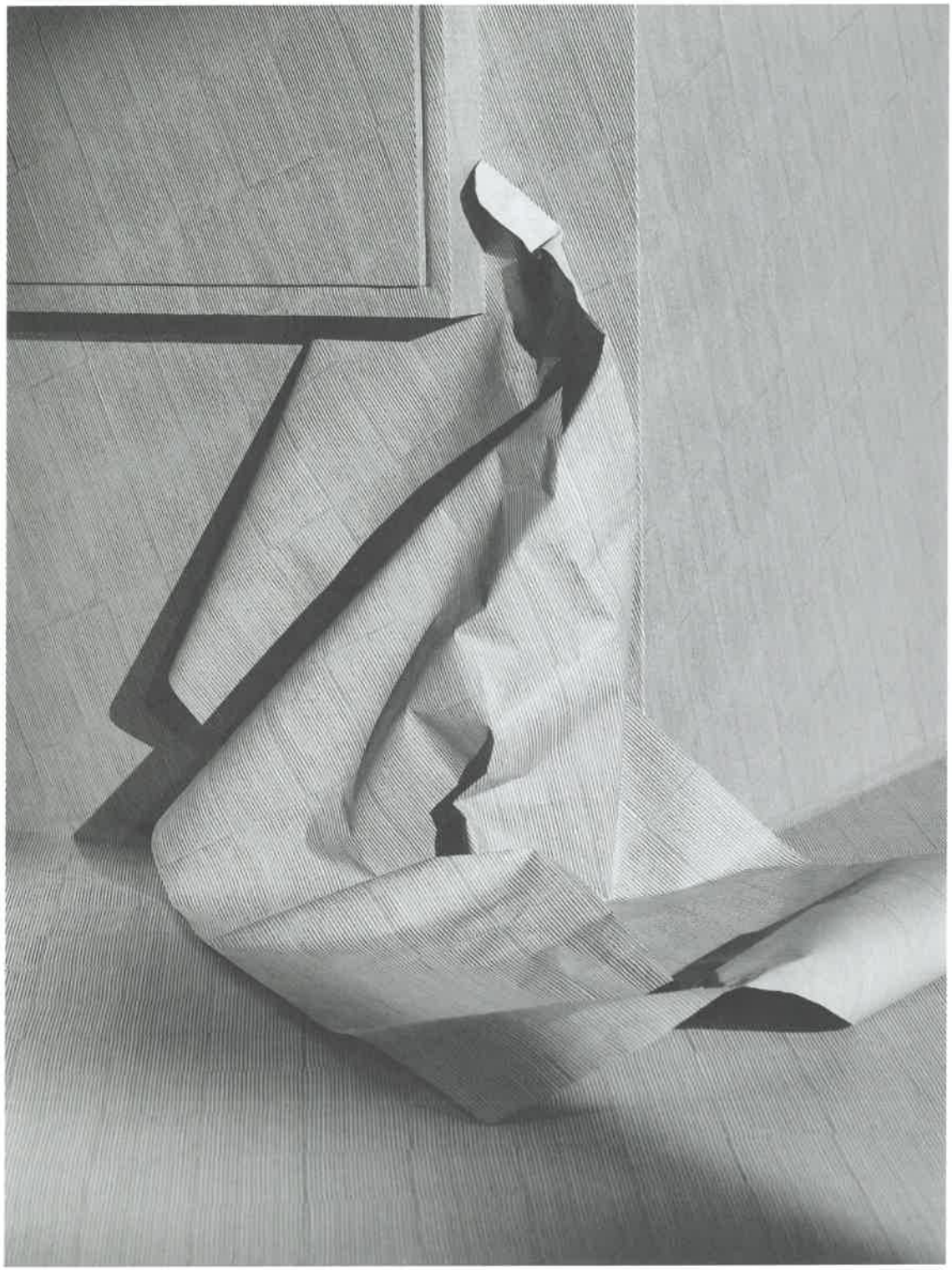
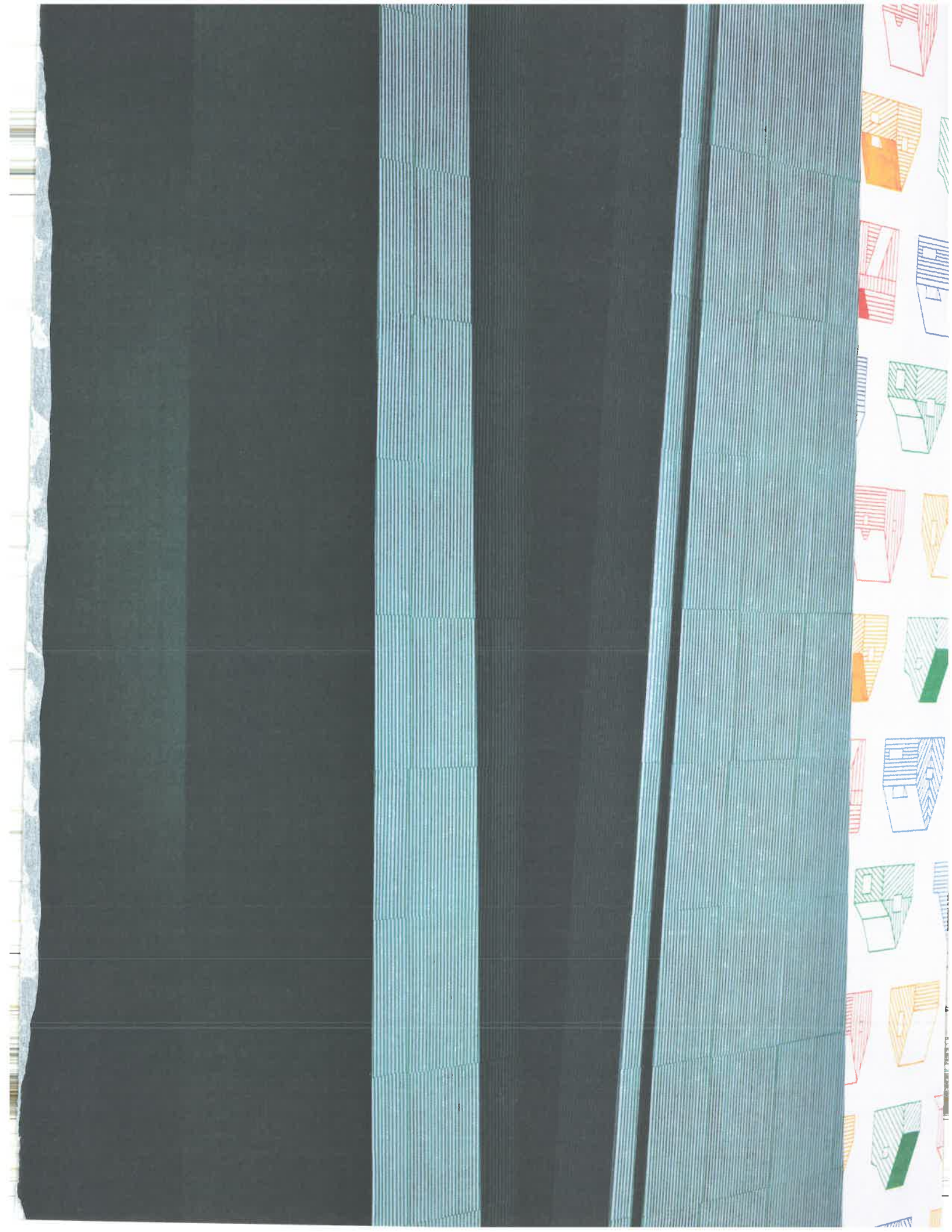


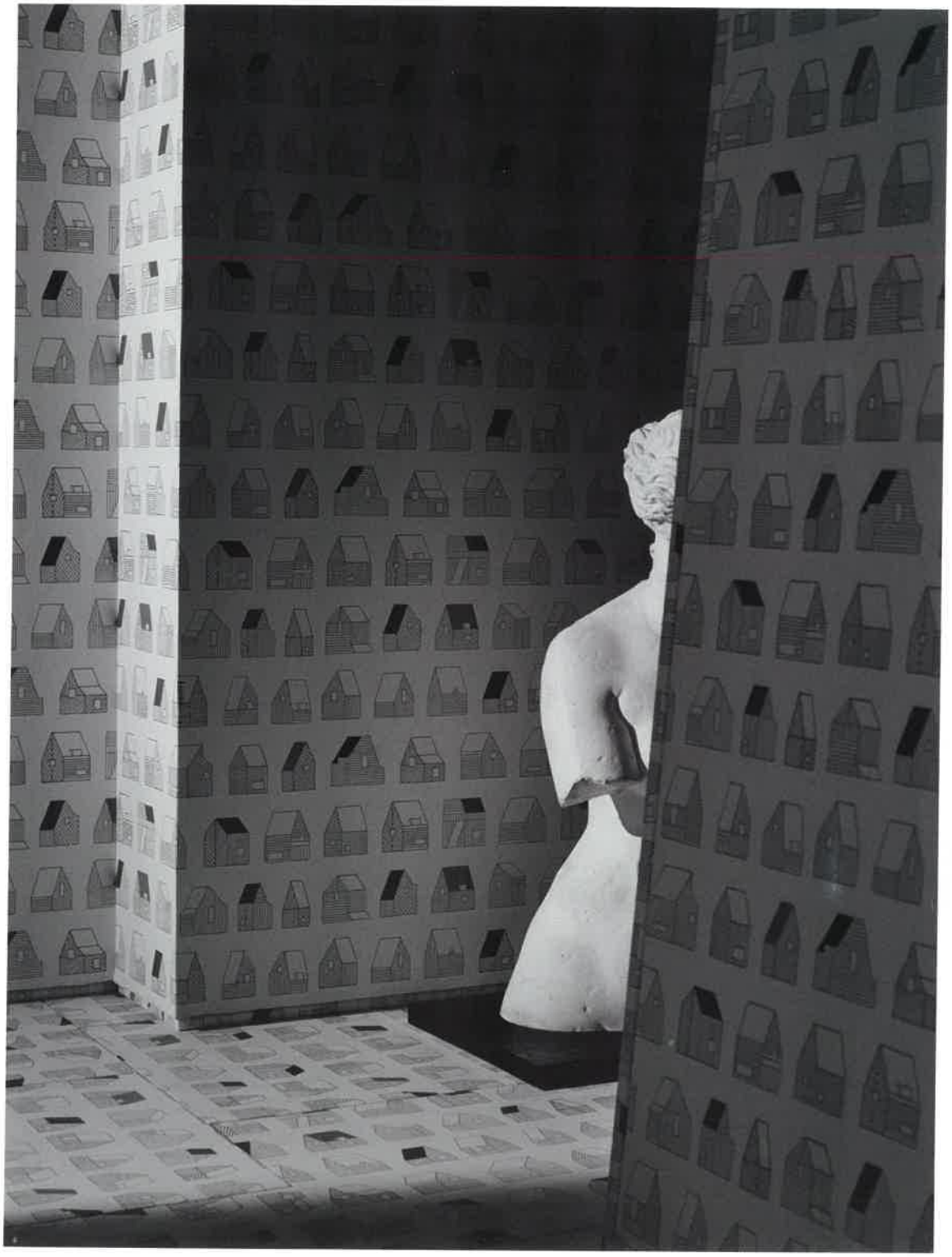
Wall stories

Photography: Steve Harries

Styling: Hana Al-Sayed







BOLD SHOULDER

Text: Boris Kanjounzeff
Photography: Kate Jackling

The strap is mutineering against its military origins in a riot of colour, materials and effects, as the house's bags get the lively support they deserve.

The shoulder strap is getting a new look, letting in the imagination. On the scale of the universe, that is a non-event. For the shoulder, it's a revolution. Gone are the days when an accessory had to be safe, discreet and devoted, even when its restraint and rigour were sidekicks to a swinging gang of wild, inventive and colourful bags. Still, it's easy to understand the gazelle-like timidity of the shoulder strap: the discreet dear has military origins, you see. Her great-grandmother was a true toughie, a broad strip of leather from which cavalrymen could hang their carbine and foot soldiers their supply of powder and shot. Naturally enough, these fighting sorts preferred not to come to the front dangling lolly-bright leather from their shoulders. And this inheritance of war had been preserved for ladies. Today, though, it is being shattered by new shapes and colours. Inspired in part by the saddle straps found in a pedlar's catalogue kept by the house, a new collection is shaking up these proprieties and catching attention. Enter *Cavale*, of equestrian inspiration, a crisscrossing of weaves and threads in woven relief, a touch of geometrical, colourful craziness on the shoulder instead of the simple leather strap; in a more restrained version, the motifs may be simply plain colours – ecru, indigo, black – and there are also delicate straps in braided leather, with colours recalling American Indian craft. This is certainly a long way from gran's gloomy military garb. The *Passage clouté* shoulder strap is even more livewire. This treasure inherited from a necklace made in 1933, its convex studs like a constellation of tiny fun-house mirrors, could easily send the bags it supports with its originality green with envy. Too flash for its own good? Another strap, inspired by old-school travel, keeps it simple, but adds a label-holder on which to emboss your initials. It plays the personalization game.

For such is the spirit of the age. Short or long, broad or thin, coloured or plain, a functional element like the shoulder strap has become a fashion accessory and, giving the uniformity police the slip, is adapting to every bag, type of desire and character. Women can choose to transform their *Kelly* or their *Maxibox* into a unique object, a singular beauty. Straps, break ranks!

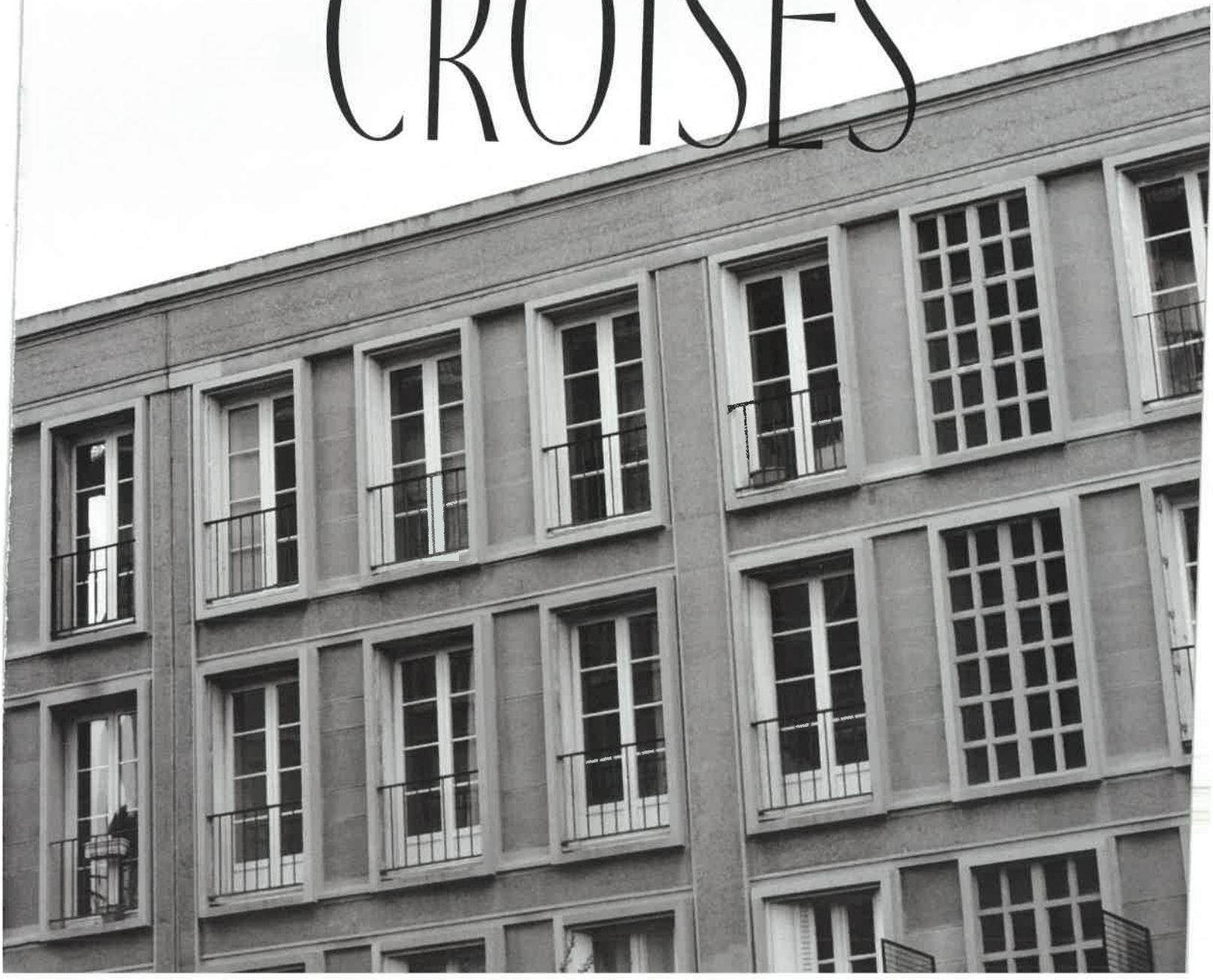
Here, a multicolour *Cavale* strap adorns the *Bolide 1923*.

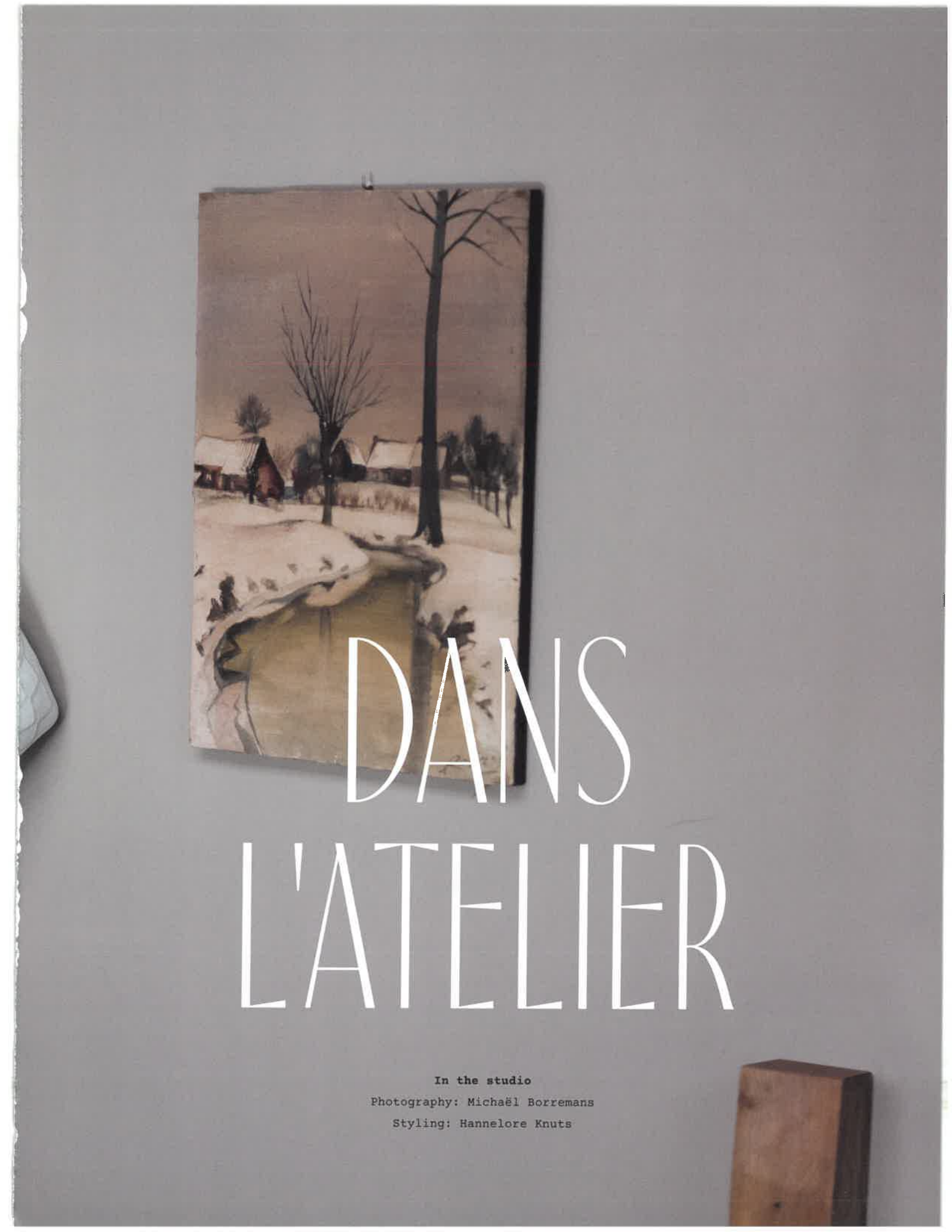
Crossed paths

Photography: Paul Wetherell

Styling: Beat Bolliger

CHASSÉS-CROISÉS



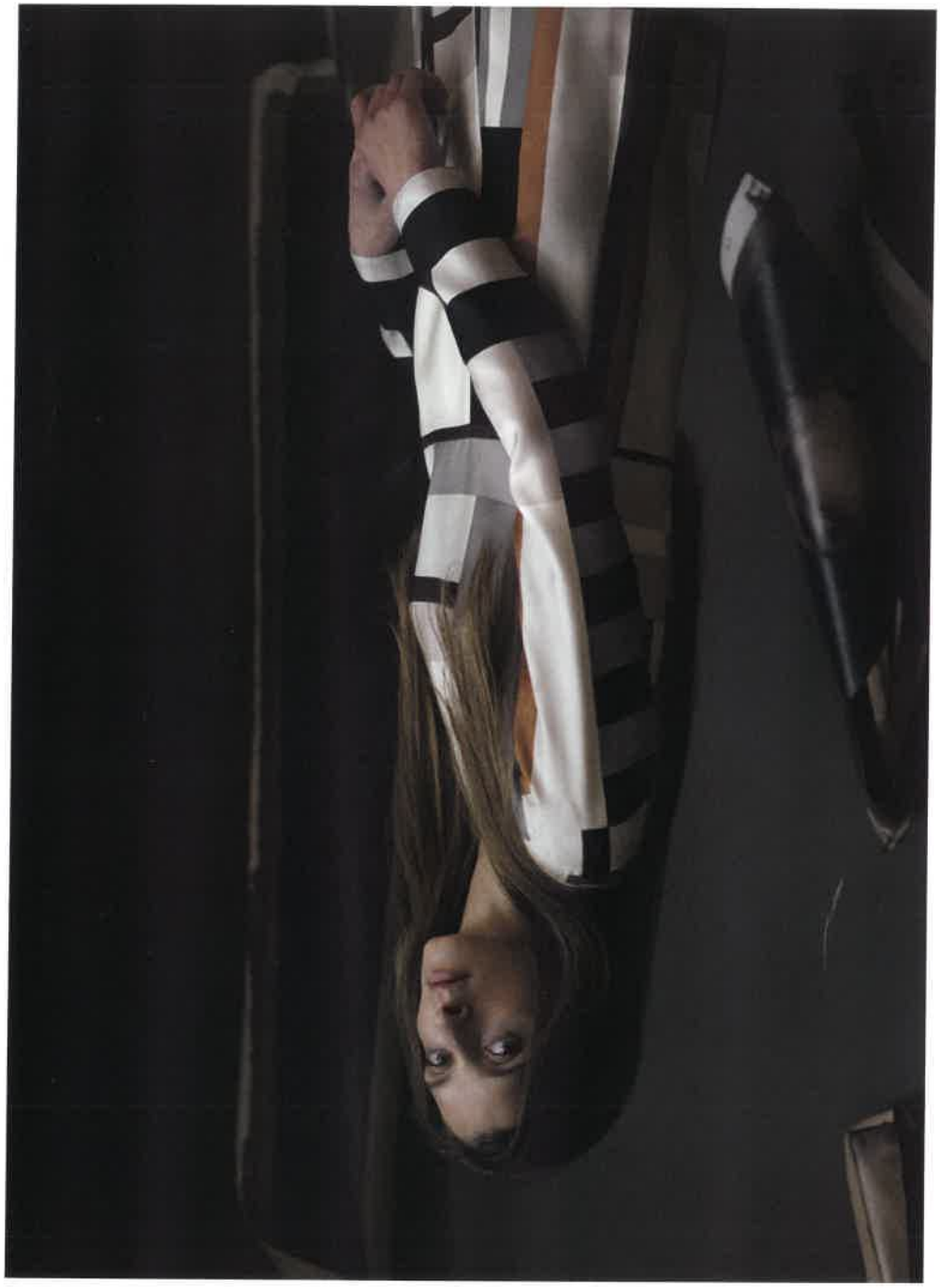


DANS L'ATELIER

In the studio

Photography: Michaël Borremans

Styling: Hannelore Knuts



WHEN LEÏLA DREW HER DREAMS

Text: Louise Kopf

For thirty-five years nonpareil storyteller Leïla Menchari was the imagination behind the window displays at 24, Faubourg, each one a paean to superb craftsmanship. Their rich history is the subject of a show at the Grand Palais this autumn.

She was a lucky child, Leïla Menchari. Her mother was a court clerk and pioneer of women's emancipation in Tunisia. She was allowed to go to the cinema. Not so her cousins. They "never went out". They were deprived of that window onto other worlds, of the right to escape the here and now. And that is why the young Leïla became an intermediary. She told them the stories. "Sometimes, it could go on for whole nights." The scene is easy to picture, a vivid image. Here is the young girl transporting her unlucky cousins into fantastic adventures, her detailed narrative fired by the sense of her liberating mission. For Leïla Menchari, in whom you can sense a lifetime of standing proudly upright, and expecting others to do the same, is a famous storyteller. Vibrantly alive, her memory has no need of search-engine crutches as she plucks out places, years and details in that deep voice of hers. "It's true," she says – and the lady is not the kind to simper (she must be a tough customer when things are not going fast enough, or according to plan) – "I've always loved to tell stories. In fact, tell stories is all I do here."

"Here", of course, is Hermès. Her home since 1961. That was the year when this graduate of the Beaux-Arts in Paris (and of the Tunis art school before that), a daughter of a strongly Francophile lawyer from a land-owning family in northern Tunisia, knocked on the door of Annie Beaumel, creator of the window displays at 24, Faubourg Saint-Honoré. She was 34 years old. Before that, the hieratic brunette had been the iconic model of Guy Laroche, a couturier she had met in Tunisia. Her parents, though, insisted she find a "proper" job. Leïla herself wanted to draw. "Annie Beaumel said to me, 'I've no time. Show me your portfolio. [...] I see that you are a dreamer!' People have always told me that: 'You dream too much, in life you've got to have your feet on the ground.'" This time, though, the foible became a strength. "Draw your dreams for me", was Beaumel's response.

Leïla Menchari's dreams are wild, grandiose, immense, exotic, generous, heady and oriental – quite the opposite, you would think, of the DNA defining the brand that epitomizes French chic. But Beaumel liked what she saw and asked the novice to draw "a dream carriage" for the new perfume *Calèche*. The young woman came up with a team of seahorses pulling a frosty conveyance, a very transparent fantasy inspired by Murano glass. Beaumel said no to the seahorses, which she replaced with dragonflies, but the overall design was accepted and soon implemented. Leïla, an admirer of Dalí and the Surrealists, discovered that "in the Hermès workshops, anything is possible". Including making her dreams reality. Pleasure, and dizziness: when reality can be raised to the level of dream, when the magic works, the challenge is to repeat the trick, which means constantly feeding and irrigating the wonder, raising the level of

Page 82: Leïla Menchari photographed by Jean-Louis Dumas at the opening of the Hermès store in Bordeaux, in 1991

Right: The music of woods, 24, Faubourg, autumn 1996

delight, spurring the imagination to be endlessly prodigal: crazy, in a word. Some job description. "And at the same time, the result had to be impeccable. There was no room for approximation." What's more, all this had to be done four times a year, applying the annual theme to each new season. "I was racked with doubt," Leïla confesses. "I kept telling myself, 'They'll say you're mad. What got into your head?'"

But Annie Beaumel knew she had found a gem. She supported Leïla, helped refine her ideas. Having started out in the house as a glove seller, Annie had been the first to set the imagination free in Hermès windows. When the head of displays was absent with flu, she made displays of overturned saddles and objects with as much madness as method. Upon Annie's departure, in 1978, the new CEO of Hermès, Jean-Louis Dumas, did not hesitate: he asked Leïla to take over window displays at 24, Faubourg. But to this mission he added another: directing the colour committee, which chose the shades for the emblematic silk scarves. Both roles she performed with complete independence: "Jean-Louis didn't care to see things in advance. He wanted to be surprised, to marvel."

Forty years later, preparing for a Parisian show about her window displays at the Grand Palais, Leïla is delving into her past work, which is also her life. In Pantin, in a huge warehouse version of Ali Baba's cave, hands are busy sorting.

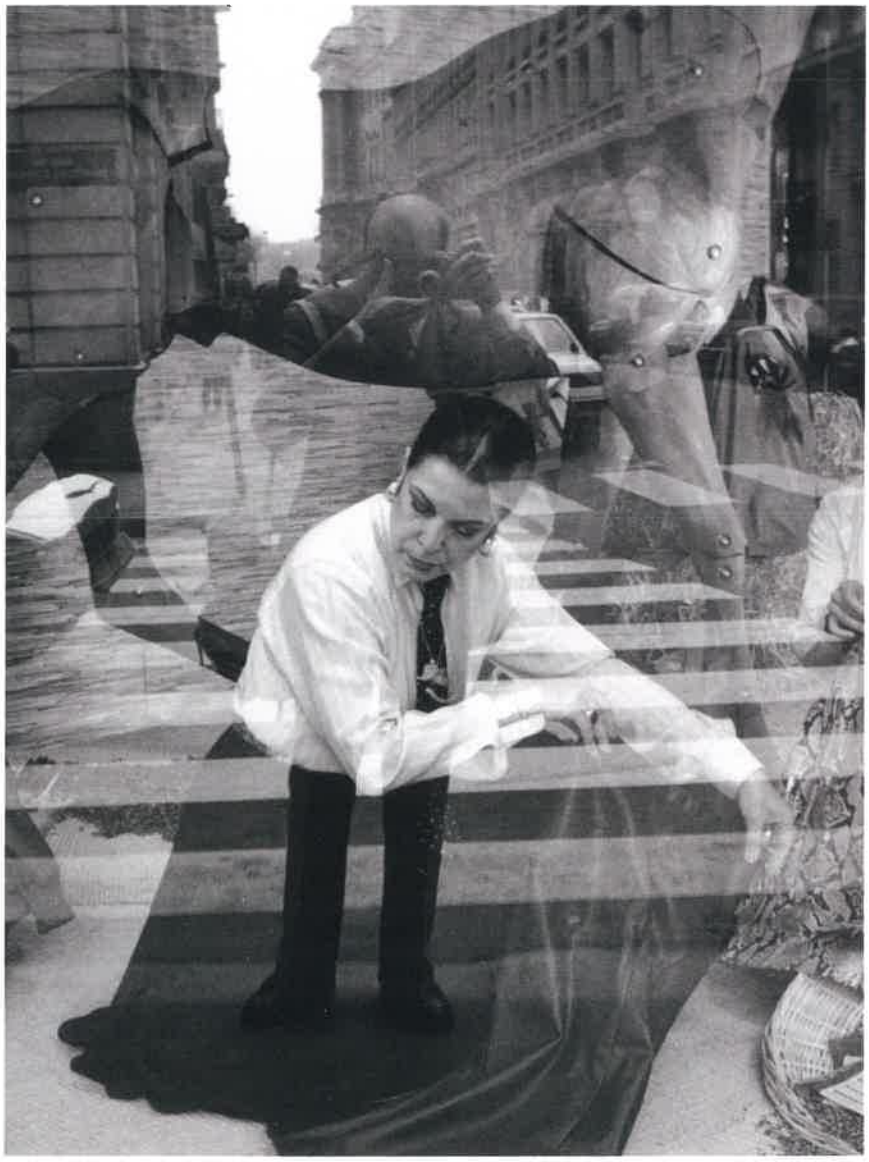
Christmas in the stars,
24, Faubourg, winter 1999

The exhibition will take the form of a "walk, a promenade in stories, reinterpreting and evoking some of the chapters". Given the profusion of Leïla's output, exhaustiveness would indeed have been impossible, and a plodding approach to this "illusionist" who excelled at making everything seem so natural. A biography is also on its way, and that has forced her to summon her memories, to revive what once was, with the acute sense of what can no longer be.

Art naturally fired the imagination of this professional dreamer. Witness her office in Rue Boissy-d'Anglas, a very personal cabinet of curiosities mixing pictures, books, photographs and objects against a backdrop of walls lined with ostrich leather. Still, her intuitive creativity responded most powerfully to actual materials: witness the dolphins in mother-of-pearl, the wave sculpted in Carrara marble, the fisherman's hut in mangrove roots, that *Kelly* in organdie and metal. Her windows were odes to outstanding artisanship, to local skills as unexpected as they are stunning. Searching for these, Leïla travelled the world and made a number of prolonged sojourns, including one on the Japanese island of Kyushu to learn about bamboo and porcelain.

And then, of course, there is Tunisia. Leïla, who took double nationality for reasons of administrative convenience, never really left her native land. That is where she always goes to recharge her batteries. For if Paris is beautiful, rich and essential, a hub of major meetings, as with her great friend Michel Tournier, she feels its cold.

Portrait



Literally and figuratively. "Tunisia is mystery, secrets, fantastical tales. I grew up among dreams. In France, though, people are very Cartesian, and at first I thought people joked too much about things that were sacred, that they were a bit too sardonic: anything that might seem extravagant was considered ridiculous." And so Leïla Menchari kept going back to Hammamet. It was there, as a child, that an event changed the course of her life. There that she met Violet and Jean Henson, a bohemian Anglo-American couple with a passion for art and nature, whose companions on the coast included Man Ray, Jean Cocteau, Christian Bérard and Serge Lifar. Leïla never tires of telling the story, the wonder never fades: "I was swimming in the bay, taking as my landmark a eucalyptus trunk that seemed to have capsized there, with seaweed hanging from it like a flagpole. And then suddenly I see a garden going down to the sea, steps in Roman stone half covered in sand. I see a cat, I follow it, I come to a pool with blue Nile water lilies, a big sunstone and flowers, rose bushes climbing up palm trees… And then there is the house, like a nest in this extraordinary garden… My head is spinning from the blend of perfumes, I start picking up seeds, pods, thorns… A dog appears, starts barking, I freeze, I'm terrified. But then a hand rests on its head. I see a man, very, very beautiful, tanned, with narrowed blue eyes. 'What's your name?' he asks. I tell him, and he starts talking to me about the plants… For ages I don't dare speak, for fear of breaking the spell. In the end, Jean Henson says: 'If you like this place, you can come here whenever you like.'"

And so the young girl did, again and again. And then the teenager, the adult woman, and now the dame. For when he died, some time after Violet, Jean Henson bequeathed the house to Leïla Menchari. Husband and wife lie side by side in the garden where some thirty peacocks still strut and the heiress and disciple takes care of the plants and the orange and other fruit trees. She says: "You should come and see me." And you know what she means. You realise that Leïla Menchari has always been a tomboy and an outsider, outside the mainstream trajectory that goes from marriage to childbearing and then on to settling down and toeing the line. Yes, there have been mockers, but their persiflage was water off this superb swimmer's back. At Hermès, Leïla Menchari found another garden where she could be herself. Perfectly free.

Left: Leïla Menchari working on a window for 24, Faubourg Saint-Honoré, spring 1985

The retrospective of Leïla Menchari's work at the Grand Palais (Galerie Sud), Paris, runs from 9 November to 3 December 2017.

Biography: *Leïla Menchari, la Reine Mage/Leïla Menchari, The Queen of Enchantment*, with texts by Michèle Gazier. Available in French and English, Actes Sud/Hermès, October 2017.

THE COMPASS: GIVING THE PLANET A SENSE OF DIRECTION

Admiral François Bellec
talks to Adrien Barrot
Illustrations: LAND

Admiral François Bellec, an official naval painter and former director of the Musée National de la Marine in Paris, is also a historian and writer who recently published a "Universal History of Navigation". As you would expect, he was not disoriented by our naive questions about an object designed to keep a man on course: the compass. In a year, 2017, when Hermès is putting the emphasis on "object sense", it seemed more than logical that this magazine should consider the origin and adventures behind an invention whose object is to give us a sense of direction.

Can we pinpoint the invention of the compass? Where and when did it appear?

Contrary to popular belief, it seems that it was not the Chinese who invented the compass. They did discover the bipolarity of magnets and made great use of it, especially for divination, but apparently it was the Persians who had the idea of using this bipolarity, which they learned from their dealings with China, for maritime purposes. This first use of a magnetized needle for orientation at sea can be dated to the 11th century. The needle, indeed, indicated the south, that being the holy direction for the Chinese. In those days, and into the 12th century, Persian merchant vessels dominated the China Sea. These boats were not very robust but, unlike their Chinese counterparts, which stuck to coastal navigation, they did venture onto the high seas. The Chinese themselves then appropriated this new instrument and, during the Southern Song Dynasty (1127–1279), became the masters of navigation on the open sea. This was a time of impressive development for the Chinese navy as the country sought to strengthen its maritime defences and explore ever further afield. Great travellers like Marco Polo and Ibn Battuta were dazzled by the quality and comfort of Chinese boats, which even had their own kind of "business class", complete with private, locked rooms, a barber, a bazar and a laundry. European boats had nothing like such comforts. That said, curiously enough, the compass made its appearance on the Mediterranean at around the same time: there is evidence of its use in the Amalfi region in the 12th century. Clearly, then, this instrument was known in the Mediterranean long before 1295, when Marco Polo, sometimes credited with introducing it to Europe from China, came back from the East.

What were these first compasses like?

The elementary compass consisted of a soft iron needle magnetized by contact with a natural magnet, or lodestone, or reacting to its proximity. It was set in a piece of straw or a reed floating on a bowl of water. Sometimes, too, the reed was filled with magnetite powder or fine iron filings. This may explain why French sailors used to call the compass a *calamite*, which derives from the Greek for reed, *kalamos*, or the Latin *calamus*. However, the term *calamite* also referred to a frog, about which there has been ample commentary. This primitive, floating version long remained in use, albeit with a few variants, because its mechanical process was the most satisfactory insofar as the movement of the needle, with its low magnetic power, was completely free. Still, it must have taken real perseverance to get results since molecular attraction meant that the straw kept drifting up against the edge of the recipient.

That doesn't sound very practical.

Yes, it was ingenious but very awkward. We owe a great debt of thanks to that brilliant if anonymous sailor in Amalfi who transformed this imperfect instrument into a sea compass by mounting the needle on a pivot and placing it in a "little wooden box" – *bossola* in Italian or Sicilian. That is why the French for compass is *boussole*, the Majorcan *buxola* and the Portuguese, *bussola*. The root of all these words is *bussolo*, from the Latin *buxum*, *buxus*, meaning "box wood" or "wood", from which were derived *buxis* and *pyxis*, "little box or casket". In Castilian, the word *bussola* grew into the form *buxería*, then *bujería* ("bauble") and, finally, *brújula*, from *bruja* ("witch") by a phonetic deformation that we could translate as "a witch's invention". The receptacle was originally round and closed at the top by a piece of glass sealed with wax, resin or a strip of glued paper. The bottom was fixed. The dry compass (in contrast to the floating one, a later development) was described in a famous letter written in 1269 by Pierre de Maricourt, the learned author of the first treatise on the properties of magnets. The device could have come from the Arab tradition, but it is likely that it was conceived in the Mediterranean and then communicated to the Islamic world, where its Arab name (*al huka*) designates the same piece of equipment. The *bussola* compass was more robust and easier to use, because the free-moving needle was tamed by the pivot that held it in place. It could thus spin at the centre of a wind rose, with the cardinal points inscribed on the dial. It was ready for operational maritime use.

Is the compass the most important invention in the history of navigation?

It was a decisive invention, yes, but its operational value was increased exponentially by its use in conjunction with the first navigational maps, which appeared about the same time, also in the Mediterranean. The oldest of the portolan charts is the Carta Pisana and dates from the 13th century. It is kept at the Bibliothèque Nationale de France. Probably drawn in Genoa, it is the first known planar representation of the Mediterranean – basically, as seen from the sky. It is hard to imagine what a revolution this was in terms of representations. It was a Surrealist work of art! The Pisan map was manifestly made to be used with a compass. This represented a coherent system of navigation whereby one could set a direction and find it on the map; one could measure a distance, determine what direction an island, say, lay in, and check this indication on the compass. Ever since Antiquity, navigation on the Mediterranean had been coastal. With very few exceptions, ships sailed alongside the shore. It took a while for sailors to start using the new system: traditionally, these are hard-headed people! They use a new instrument only if it is really necessary, and these people knew the Mediterranean like the back of their hand. I would say that the time lag between the appearance of an instrument and the generalization of its use is about a century.

And what were the factors behind the generalization of the compass?

It all got started when the Portuguese sailed to Africa in the 15th century. At first, they were rather poor navigators. They even struggled to cross the Strait of Gibraltar to start a limited crusade in Ceuta. Soon, though, they set out to sail around Africa. There were two reasons. First, to short-circuit the Venetian monopoly on spices. The whole trade in silk and spices, particularly pepper, nutmeg and cloves from the Moluccas, was monopolized by Venice, which didn't have to make much of an effort, merely wait for the caravans to bring all their marvels to the Rialto, and from there distribute them all around Europe. Secondly, they hoped to find the more or less mythical Christian kingdom of Prester John somewhere out near Abyssinia and form an alliance with it, in order to launch an attack on Islam from the south. It took the Portuguese eighty years to sail around Africa, and it was in order to make the most of the winds, especially the harmattan, which blows from the Sahara, that they were driven to lose sight of the land for the first time in European history. That was when they started using compasses and navigational maps.

Is the compass still used to navigate with today?

Nowadays, people tend to use GPS. Even on the smallest craft, it has come to replace the compass. GPS shows every movement, indicates all directions. But the magnetic compass is still obligatory on all boats because you need to have a back-up system if everything else fails. That said, on today's boats, if there was a general power outage, I very much doubt that most officers would be able to plot their route.

The compass is a simple, functional instrument. Have people ever made exceptional compasses, like jewellery, with precious woods for example?

Not really. On certain vessels they have superb housing. Some of them are very beautiful. For example, the *Cutty Sark* in Greenwich has a very fine binnacle. People made reverse compasses for the ship's captain. It was fixed upside down over his bed so that he could follow the ship's direction when lying down. Another example is the hanging compass of *La Belle Poule*, now displayed at the Musée National de la Marine in Paris. It was on this frigate, commanded by the Prince de Joinville, son of King Louis-Philippe, that the ashes of Napoleon were brought back to France in 1840. Its binnacle was very elegant. In these instances the casing was more elaborate, but usually the compass remained a very simple instrument.

François Bellec, *Histoire universelle de la navigation*, vol. I, Éditions de Monza, 2016.

Cool storage

Photography: Ilaria Orsini

Styling: Benoit Martinengo

GARDE-MEUBLE

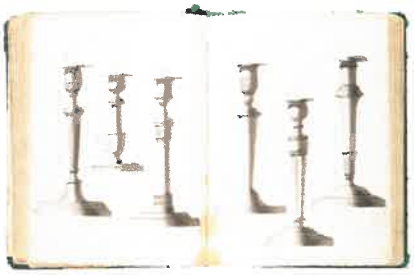
HAWKER'S CATALOGUE

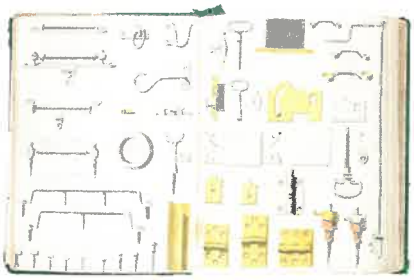
Text: Menehould du Chatelle
Photography: Philippe Lacombe

It comes untitled, so let's call it *The Green Album*. A name as bright and soft as a promise, for what is one of the most picturesque and inspiring objects you will find in Émile Hermès's office. Who knows how long it has been at home here, snug amid the genial oddness of the place. A plush, mossy, druidic object, like something salvaged from a library lost in the mists of time, along with Babel. It must surely have donned this furry, grassy coat cut from best English lawn to perform some bucolic rite for the return of spring. There are no stitches in this fluffy sward that echoes with the laughter of children's rough and tumble. Under the hesitant, even fearful touch of a finger, a flight of pollen! This green, powdery substance is not dust but the golden breath of fairies. Voices replete with old secrets are astir in that bookish silence, with a lilt here and there of surprising freshness. The visitor must be a seer, capable, without even holding it – like the eye of the shopkeeper weighing up the day's takings at closing time – of marvelling at the fabulous heft that ballasts the huge in-folio. What captivates in the millefeuille of white folds that swell the tome's belly? The image of time's own density.

Other libraries have other visions, for sure. Here, a special guest; there, an intruder. A green sheep in the monotone ranks of identical volumes, hundreds of them, all on the same page. This air of rude health, this frank gaiety redolent of Normandy pastureland is like a jovial shout among the stifled yawns of polite bindings. *This one is not one of us.* It carries a whiff of the open road, horses, stagecoach trunks, the leather of satchels and postilion's boots, of soup supped in taverns. Its bohemian family is a bookishly marginal bunch: hawkers' catalogues, puerile albums, dream pictures, obsolete vade mecums. The prophetic tribe of the anonymous and the apocryphal, neglected by second-hand booksellers and auctions, treasured by the collector. Émile Hermès had the passion and the instinct to build a hearty inn for these magnificent outsiders on the outskirts of his library. That is where our green giant shares with them its impromptu camp on a stepladder, a stool or a windowsill. Exactly the kind of place you will chance upon them one day when looking for something else. One day when you greet a divine visitor: inspiration.

Sitting securely on its lectern, the album at last reveals the enigma hidden for too long by its mute binding. With good grace, it unpacks its stall: an amazing variety of wares spread before our eyes in the bright, cool air of a market opening at dawn. Each one is meticulously drawn, to its actual size. Full-height, frontally, or in profile. The pose is designed to please, but without affectation. The model offers





a serious, sincere image of singular charm, quite flat despite the illusionistic effects attempted by the watercolour. All we need do now is yield to the magnetic allure of this big fair-cum-exhibition. The eye wanders between stands of strapping belts, bonbon tins and powder boxes with their pink puffs, bellows adorned with a heart. Next to a battery of kitchen utensils, here is a clicking hardware army of buckles, bolts, pulleys, bolts, locks and hinges. Three slippers, exotically bright like tropical fish, swim around the black form of a priest's cap sporting its severe dome: beware of idleness! Parisian novelties are in painted metal. Pompeian red is in fashion. The most modern? The broom and hammer, those universal companions. Their simply wrought, fine material gives them a new youth. "They would have charmed old Homer," marvelled Émile Hermès.

Hawker's catalogue comprising one hundred and fourteen double sheets illustrated in gouache, watercolour and watercolour wash over pencil, suede binding. "Maison Lancelot 120, rue Montmartre, Paris". France, early 19th century. Émile Hermès Collection. Under the Empire, Paris was the leading manufacturing city in Europe and produced and exported all kinds of articles for a society eager to enjoy comfort and progress. These items were sold to shopkeepers by hawkers who presented albums containing anonymous drawings of the products.

NON-CONSUMER OBJECTS

Text: Dominique Quessada
Illustrations: Mrzyk & Moriceau

Writer and philosopher Dominique Quessada reflects on the meaning of the Hermès object, and our attachment to it. In the process, he shakes up some of our familiar certitudes.

What is an object?

The object is anything but frivolous. It plays out something fundamental. *Objectum*: "thing placed before", the Latin etymology tells us. The term presents a wide range of meanings deriving from this idea of something put in front of us, something we observe, feel, analyse and desire. The object is that which is suddenly there, clad in a dazzling visibility, as if the world was a wondrous window where it appears and starts to exist for us. The object is that which sets itself apart from the indeterminate background of other things in order to leap out towards us. *The object is what is distinguished, in both senses of the word.* It is the thing, suddenly isolated from the rest of the world, which sallies forth into our purview.

And yet, this manifestation of the object, which should be self-evident, actually turns out to be deeply mysterious. First because, by its powerful presence, the object emphatically reiterates the question raised by the existence of any thing: the philosophers' "Why is there something rather than nothing?" But also because the object is not as separate from all other things as it seems or as we are in the habit of thinking.

Before being a material object, *an object is a mental construction.* Or rather: every object is built on some kind of mental foundation. We therefore need to see on what conceptual scaffolding this notion of the object stands. This directly impacts our conception of the real. Now, the kind of reality we are accustomed to inhabiting is founded on the idea that objects are separable and separate. This vision has existed since the Ancient Greeks and, more specifically, since Plato, the "inventor" of philosophy.

Where, in other systems of thought, and notably the Chinese, things are the locus of a fluency and a play of interpenetrating forces that make them change, for Plato – and, it follows, for us – each thing is closed in on itself, remaining in and for itself, surrounded by what one could represent as a defining membrane that separates it from others: every thing has substance by virtue of that envelope. Such is the closure of determinacy: *a separate and separating defining membrane enwraps each thing, isolates it, differentiates it from the others and closes it up within itself.* This model developed on such a scale that it structures the history of Western thought.

When he creates an object, the artist traces its form. He thus establishes the frontier, that is to say, the separating layer that distinguishes the object from what is not the object: the abstract yet concrete film under which we are in the essence of the thing, and outside which we leave it behind.

However, at a certain level of looking, and even if immediate experience seems to belie this, even if the individuation of the substances and the closure of determinations have culturally determined the vision and conception of the world as an ensemble containing separate entities, there is no edge where a physical body ends and what is not that body begins. This idea that things have an edge – or a psychological or material interiority – is a practical compromise made with reality, a psychologically acceptable vision, consolidated by the requisites of contemporary individualism, which demands its share of isolated individual substances. Things, and ourselves with them, are not cut off from the world, or placed "in" the world. They partake of it symbiotically. They are *unseparate*.

This symbiosis touches on relations between subjects and objects, the positions of which no longer seem clearly distinct. But then, have they ever been? The subject is not just a subject and the object is not just an object. The latter is the place where subjective and collective issues are mixed and incorporated, an emanation of the needs of the subject or its imaginary, a hybrid being at the intersection of subject and object. Likewise, the subject is never a pure subject. It is also a profoundly altered, constructed entity, marked by its relation to the object, a place for the incorporation of object problematics. The subject is also a mixture of subject and object. *Between the two there are only continuities*: the object becoming subject and the subject becoming object. The object incorporates the subject and the subject incorporates the object.

Where the object appears to be demarcated by a line, its defining contour (its form or design), for us it is immediately associated with evocations, with memories or aesthetic contexts that impel us to find it beautiful or ugly, for example. In fact, although its form is precise, the object's edges are always blurred: it always comes to us with an imaginary context, always linked to what produced it, always *unseparate from the rest of the real*.

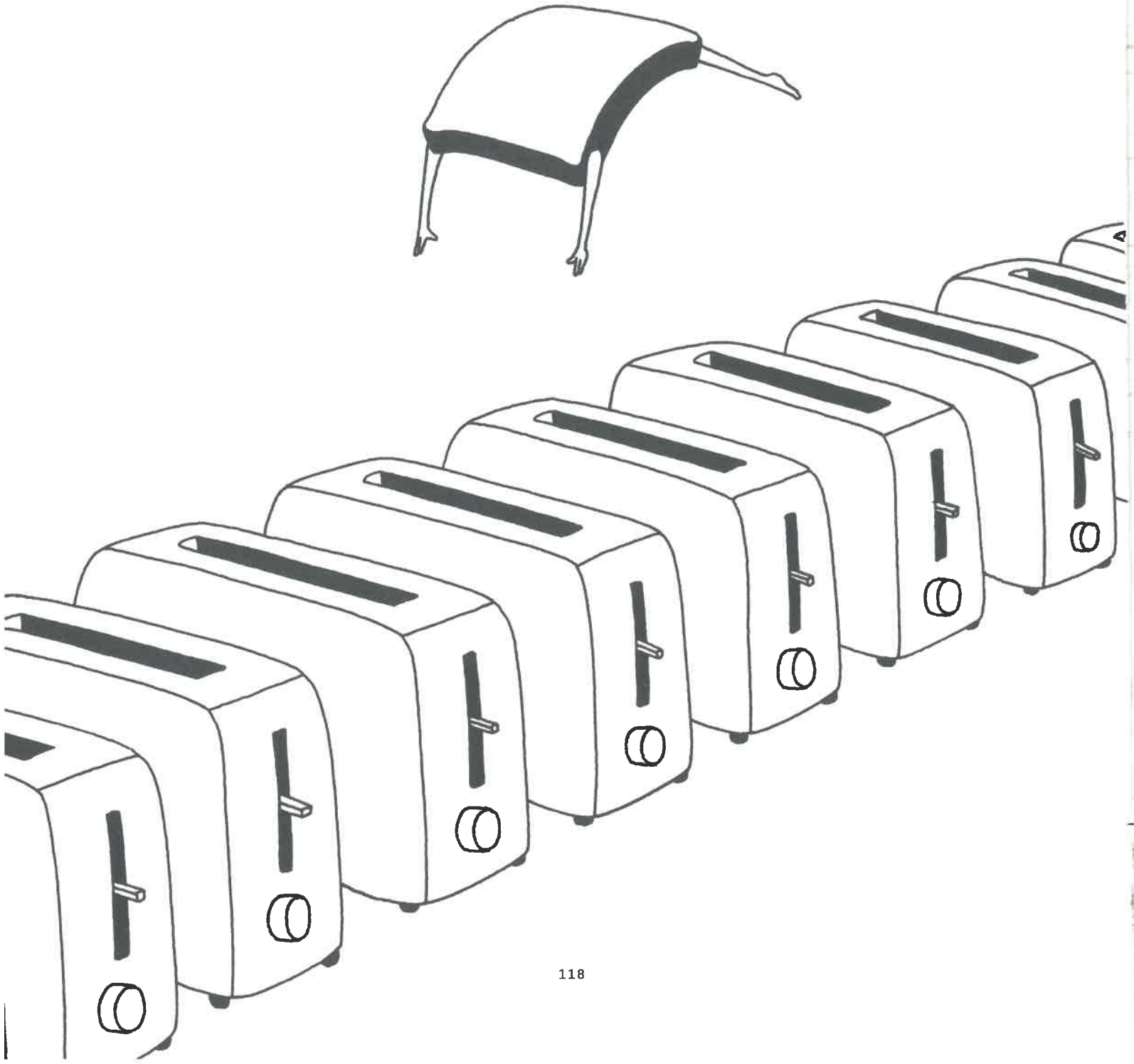
The object signals to us, it calls out to us, it summons us. In fact, it is not so much ourselves who look at the object as the image that looks at us. It captures us and takes us in its nets. In this capturing of desire, the object is placed in front of us, but at this very moment it seems that it is we who are positioned facing it. Far from being neutral, the object imposes itself on us. Insofar as it materializes what we desire, it is the very incarnation of a mystery, of what, for us, is the greatest enigma: our own desire. And it is in this sense that the object holds us as much as we hold to it. It looks into us and sees something about us that we could not see ourselves. What is the object of our desire? Will we ever know it?

The object signals, calls out to us: it's not so much us looking as the object looking at us.

This way of being looked at by the object, looked at by the blind spot of what we desire, is exponentially heightened by consumer society – using that term is almost old-fashioned today because the reality it evokes is taken for granted as an integral part of our world. The industrial dimension that multiplies objects ad infinitum, in a head-spinning seriality, bestows a global dimension on the idea of the shop window, with mass ranks of industrialized objects arrayed to capture desire. In this world, objects are ephemeral – fleeting if powerful presences. The fashion system further accelerates this logic of forced renewal of things, which visits its violence as much on human beings as on objects.

For consumption is an act of destruction. If the term "consumption" evokes the satisfaction of needs through the use of goods and services, it also signifies the irremediable degradation of a thing by its use, its annihilation, the fact that it has reached its end.

Here a merciless game of seduction is played out in which, if they are to exist, objects must appear more desirable in our eyes than other objects. In its effort to activate desire via hyper-consumption, beyond a factitious frivolity, the industrial object is forced to become threatening: couched in the imperious



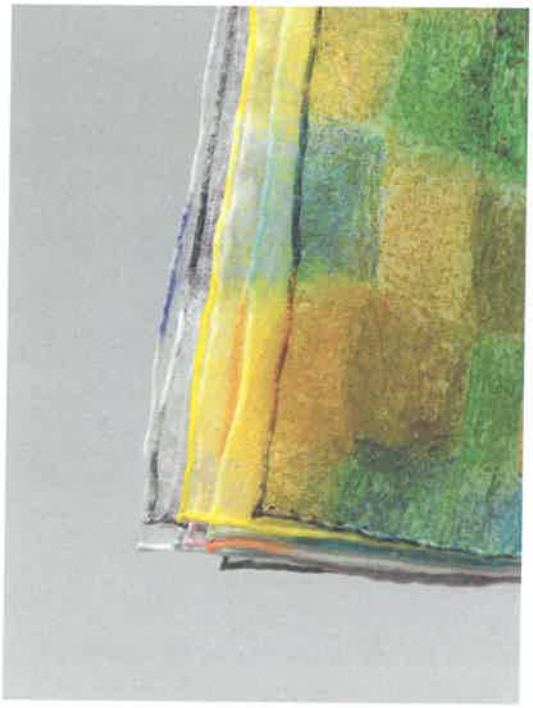
language of appropriation channeled by ad-speak, it intimates the pleasure imperative – pleasure in the object, or pleasure through the object.

And yet there are some rarer objects that manage to escape this cycle of forced consumption and seduction. Some more singular objects do not threaten the subject in the attempt to appear more desirable than others. They do not need to. Some more unusual objects are not the rivals or competitors of other objects. Even if they belong to the class of objects, they occupy a distinct position there. They are incomparable because they seem to exist in another category where they have no equivalent: their own. Because they bear the trace of human skill, of the human hand – artisanship, craft – there are some objects that are more delicate and seem deserialized: they each succeed in appearing unique to their owner, even though they were produced serially. Some objects exist without declaring war. These *companion-objects* give us the singular experience of a pacified relation to things. Some objects seem to carry their own temporality. A long, peaceful stretch of time that is spared the frenzy of obligatory renewal. In this way they free us from the treadmill of inbuilt dissatisfaction which stipulates that the right object is always the one we don't have, the coming model, that new piece in the next collection. Here, in contrast, the right object is the one we own, here and now, in the satisfaction of an encounter. The fact of owning such an object does not make it less desirable. On the contrary, time only fulfils its value. Consumption is distinct from use. And use, meaning precisely the encounter between a person and an object, enriches and embellishes the object over time. And so it becomes a receptacle of life, an *accumulator of experience*. Some objects are not destroyed by consumption: they destroy the idea of consumption, or at least place it in abeyance. These objects are objects of non-consumption. And that makes them precious and magnificent.

Dominique Quessada's books include *L'Inséparé. Essai sur un monde sans Autre*, Puf, 2013.

ARTISTS ON THEIR RESIDENCIES

For its second cycle of artists' residencies, the Fondation d'entreprise Hermès gave carte blanche to young artists in the house's manufactories. A new exhibition is showcasing their work.



Célia Gondol
French
Holding Textile Hermès, Lyon region

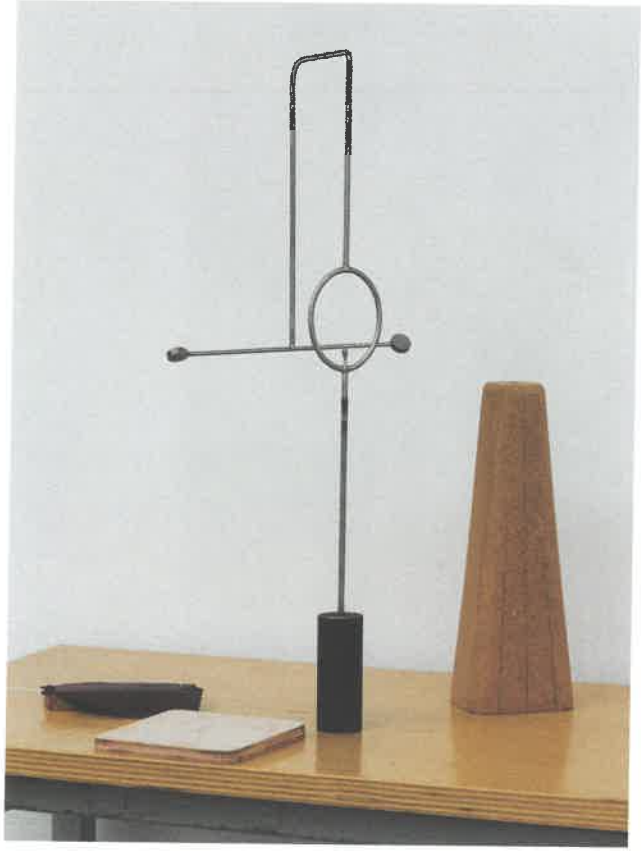
The three works that I created make it possible to get away from the image and enter into gesture, thought and gaze. Each one activates its own process of kinaesthetic empathy, that process whereby the viewer feels in their own being what is going on in the work. I collaborated with several silk artisans, and also with astrophysicist Hélène Courtois. In each of these collaborations I was able to grasp the subtle details of the thought processes and to derive from that the most elusive questions pertaining to the creation of an artwork. This sharing, a genuine shifting of the gaze, totally changed my habits and put communal experience at the heart of my work.

Clarissa Baumann
Brazilian
Puiforcat, Pantin

I would like my work to be seen as living material, in a state of constant transformation, so that viewers have an idea of both the process that engendered it and the new processes that it has triggered in my current practice. In addition to the precious technical knowledge and precision, what I took from my time with Puiforcat artisans was their great generosity in sharing their daily life and openness to experimentation that assumed the form of a game.

Bianca Argimon
French
Holding Textile Hermès, Lyon region

I worked on the deconstruction of the creative process by breaking down a drawing I had made on the computer, bit by bit. To give material form to the different phases of this process, I attributed each one a distinct colour, as in the four-colour printing process (CMYK: cyan, magenta, yellow and black). I then printed them on different pieces of chiffon. After that I repeated the experiment, this time focusing on a detail of the drawing, which I blew up and printed on eleven pieces of chiffon. No artisan ever told me that my project was impossible. Reassured by their know-how, I worked constantly with them to find solutions, which gave me absolute freedom of movement and left room for spontaneity.



Io Burgard
French
Maroquinerie de Seloncourt

When I saw the artisans' workshops, it was the tools that interested me the most. That is how the *Vogue la galère* project started. I wanted to work with the projection contained in these objects by creating allegorical tools that embody thought processes. The rigour with which the artisans went about making them, and which they communicated to me, made the line between the art object and object even thinner. This question struck me as particularly significant in this exchange. I wrapped it all up in a boat-cum-trunk: *Vogue la galère* is the response to a resolutely enthusiastic "come what may".

Jennifer Avery
American
Holding Textile Hermès, Lyon region

My work is a celebration and a condemnation of social representations linked to gender and femininity. I have created over three hundred performative objects for a kind of tale inspired by the first version of *Little Red Riding Hood*, in which the young girl has to choose, both literally and philosophically, between needles and pins. We all got together – myself and the artisans – around this belief in the perfection of imperfection. My studio became an ant's nest, a kind of sewing circle made up mainly of women. We were like one big family, and I miss them all terribly.

Lucia Bru
Belgium
Cristallerie Saint-Louis, Saint-Louis-lès-Bitche

One of the pieces I made at the crystal works is titled *Movidas*. It comprises a multitude of cubes in porcelain and crystal. These elements, which are both similar and different, vary in accordance with the moment when they were made. The sculpture is placed on the ground, in a big empty room, horizontally. When they come close, viewers discover the animality of this uncertain mineral device. As night falls, they see it gradually disappear. I spent nine great weeks with the artisans, and during that time I felt like a true artist.

Lucie Picandet
French
Maroquinerie de Pantin

The god Hermes is the father of alchemy, that magical balance. At the leather workshops I wanted to highlight this balance between beauty and cruelty, sophistication and primitivism, surface and depth. I worked side by side with Christine Giraud, the artisan who helped me on this project, to make a work of marquetry in which the size of the elements varied between one millimetre and one metre. Sometimes we had to be really finicky, at others we needed to go really fast to spread glue over the biggest pieces in this jigsaw puzzle 1.80 metres across.

Anastasia Douka
Greek
John Lobb, Northampton

During my residency at John Lobb, I worked on three different projects. The first was an installation of one hundred and five pairs of shoes which form a collective portrait of the employees there. Each scale model of a shoe was made according to a model chosen by each person and in proportion to their size. The second project was articulated around two machines that are vital to shoemaking. As for the third, it consisted of visual archives, photos and videos, relating to the first project: the employees were asked about the patterns and colours they chose for the shoes that were produced. This documentary material was then used to make a quick portrait of the workforce at the company.

DH McNabb
American
Cristallerie Saint-Louis, Saint-Louis-lès-Bitche

As a designer and glassmaker, I wanted to create something that viewers could appreciate and that would help them to better understand the material. Saint-Louis gave me the chance to discover how they make crystal, a kind of glass whose remarkable qualities include, in particular, great transparency. I was able to explore this material, from the blowing phase to that of cutting and polishing, and so gained a better understanding of crystal, a material that has been central to my work for eighteen years. I also met artisans who are never put off by difficulty.

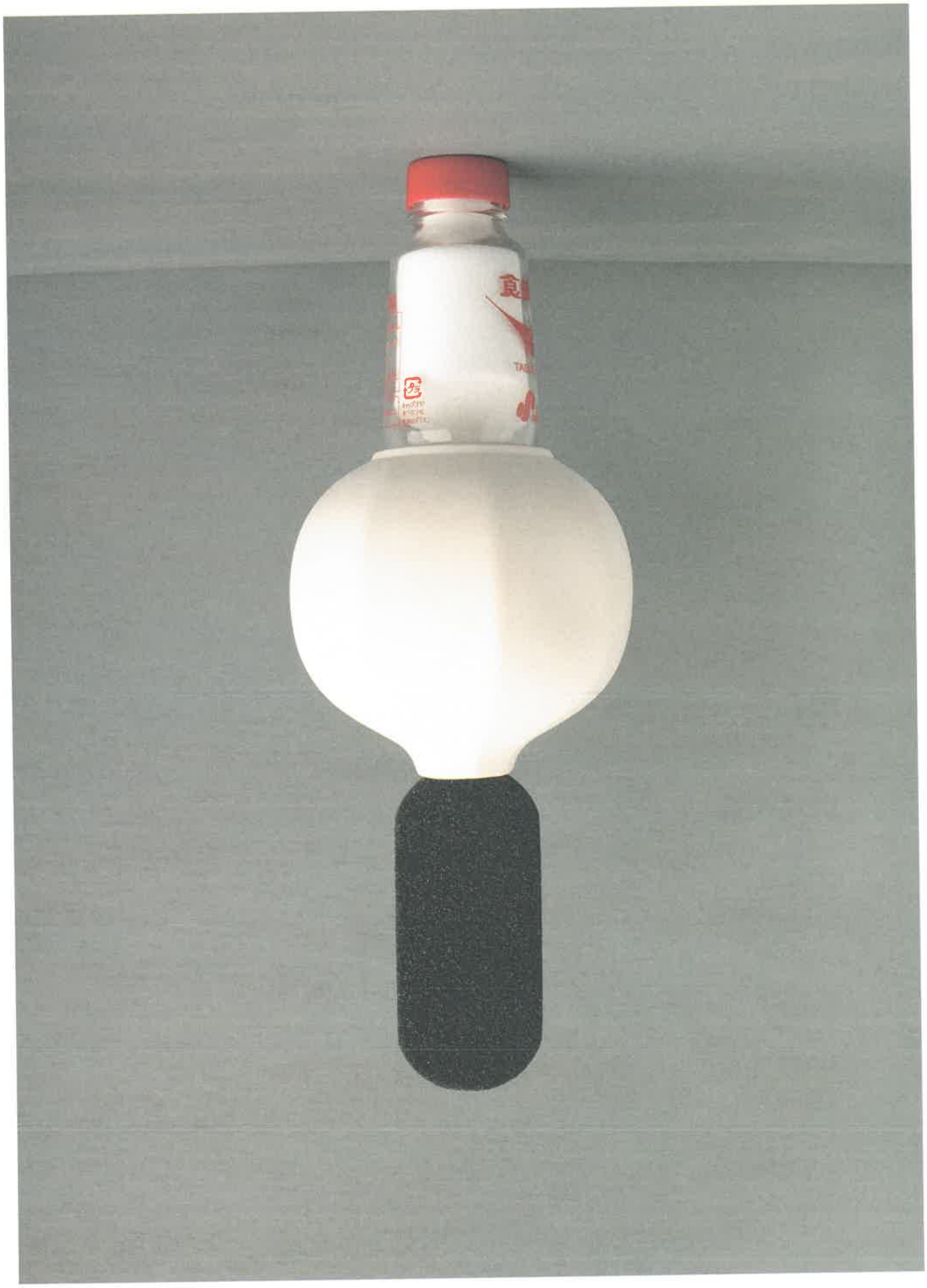
The works by the nine artists in residence will be on show at the Palais de Tokyo, Paris, from 24 November 2017 to 7 January 2018.
The bilingual (French and English) *Cahiers de residence* are published by Actes Sud/ Fondation d'entreprise Hermès.

For details on Fondation activities, go to fondationdentreprisehermes.org

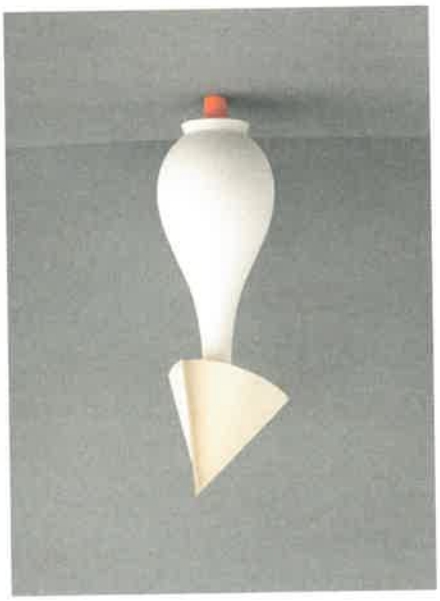
A FINE BALANCE

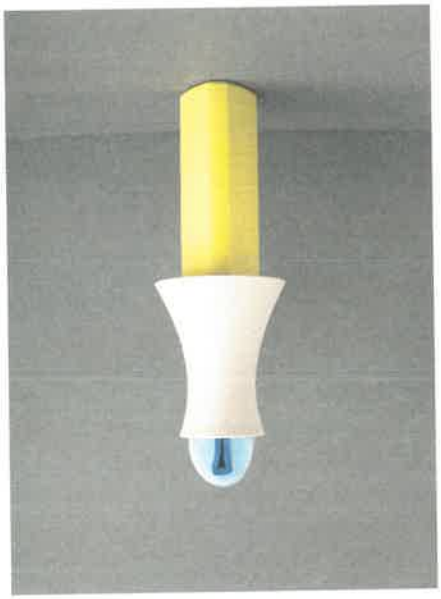
Photography: Fleur Van Dodewaard
Text: Emmanuelle Lequeux

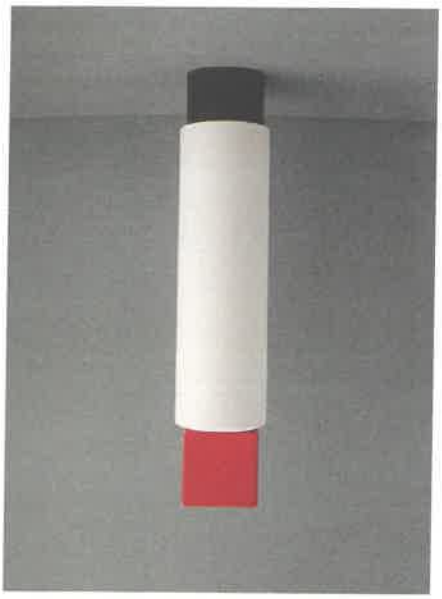
Fleur Van Dodewaard makes fortuitous and ephemeral compositions. The works here play on the contrast between kaolin and plastic.

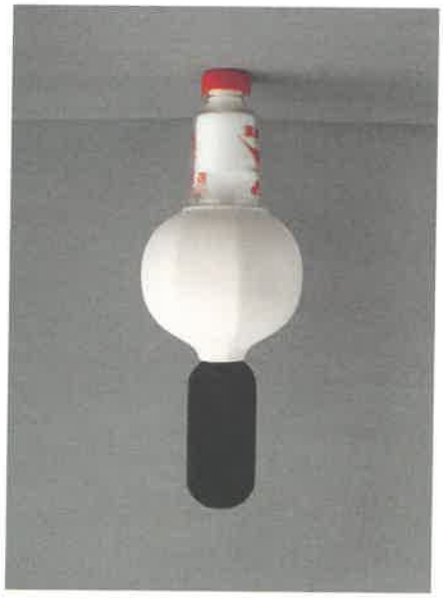


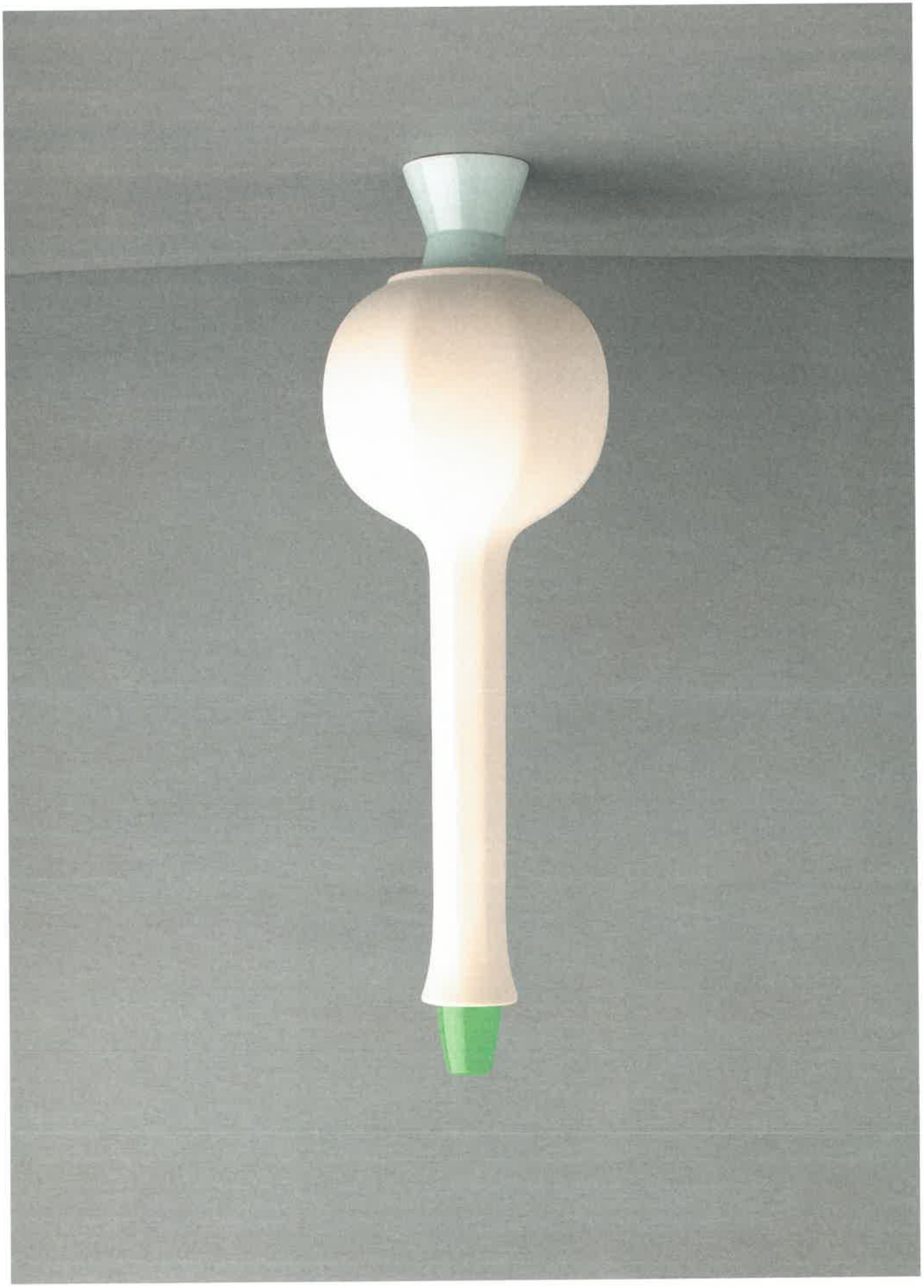
What are these astonishing objects? Neither sculptures nor photographs. Fleur Van Dodewaard prefers to speak of "photographic sculptures". The forms brought into being by this Dutch artist have a life cycle, a destiny that ends after they are photographed. Usually, she creates in the secrecy of her Amsterdam studio, playing on the combination of forms arising from the union of chance and necessity. In that sense, these pieces are a new departure, as she conceived them in the heart of traditional Japan, during a residency in Arita in 2015. For centuries, potters in that little town have been perfecting the art of porcelain. It was when going from kiln to kiln that Van Dodewaard found the materials for her future works. In other words: vases, sake bottles, various receptacles, which she diverted from their original function. She chose them rough – as biscuit – before the glossy enamel went on, showing all the delicacy of kaolin. Then she assigned them unexpected partners: plastic and other objects, as everyday as you can get – combs, sponges, stoppers, funnels. Arranged in factitious bouquets, they embrace, top or underscore the forms in pale white porcelain, waking them up with their lively colours. "The very neat and orderly result," the artist recalls, "came out of the chaos formed by these found objects." Photographed in light that is deliberately flat and cold, these still lifes that evoke the Dutch tradition lose their volume. Entering the kingdom of two dimensions, they disappear from the real world. For good.











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Product details

Page 11

172055Z90
Boots in white calfskin and black patent Epsom calfskin

Page 12

071966CK9R
Opli clutch bag in lime Mysore goatskin

073541CTL3
Hermès Cinhetic bag in purple-pink Villandry calfskin with palladium-plated chain

071319CK7T
Verrou 21 bag in electric-blue Epsom calfskin

Page 13

073491CKAA
Bolide 1923 30 Craft bag in zigzag embroidered Swift calfskin

Page 14

052886FL01
Bracelet in lacquered wood, fruity orange/papaya/blue

052886FL03
Bracelet in lacquered wood, imperial blue/violet/curacao

052886FL02
Bracelet in lacquered wood, cameo rose/clay/candour

Page 15

003139S08
Centered Rhyme de Elaine Lustig Cohen carré 90 in silk twill, pale pink/orange/navy blue

Pages 16-17

673114S03
Beta de Nathalie Du Pasquier giant carré 140 in silk twill, mustard/H red/green

Page 18

5010257
Longboard in glued laminated beech with maple veneer, linen and carbon fibre, with *Promenade au Faubourg* print (this design is available exclusively in Beverly Hills)

Page 19

040207P
Tie Set dessert plate in mint porcelain

040012P
Tie Set bread plate in mandarin porcelain

040022P
Tie Set tart dish in porcelain

040107P
Tie Set dessert plate in dark-red porcelain

040001P
Tie Set dinner plate in mandarin porcelain

Page 19

040112P
Tie Set bread plate
in dark-red porcelain

040212P
Tie Set bread plate
in mint porcelain

040016P
Tie Set tea saucer (and
cup) in fuchsia porcelain

040101P
Tie Set dinner plate
in dark-red porcelain

040201P
Tie Set dinner plate
in mint porcelain

040107P
Tie Set dessert plate
in dark-red porcelain

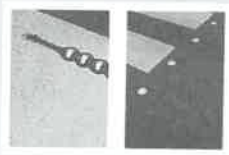
040116P
Tie Set tea saucer (and
cup) in mint porcelain

Page 20

074332CKAA
Haut à courroies
50 Toodoo bag in
medium-grey wool felt
and fauve Barena calfskin

Page 21

217250B
Chaîne d'ancre lumière
necklace in yellow gold,
black jade and diamond



Page 30

073982CK89
Passage clouté belt in
black Tadelakt calfskin
in palladium-plated metal

Pages 44-45

214051M 01
Carrousel wallpaper

214047M 04
Mint wallpaper

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214049M 01
Carrousel wallpaper

214047M 02
Terracotta wallpaper

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214047M 02
Terracotta wallpaper

Product details

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214047M 02
Terracotta wallpaper

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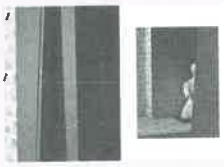
214048M 03
Indigo wallpaper



Page 50

214051M 01
Carrousel wallpaper

214047M 04
Mint wallpaper

Page 51

214051M 01
Carrousel wallpaper

Page 53

073650CKAA
Ecru/beige *Cavale* strap, 25 mm, with gold Swift calfskin and large snap clasp

073645CKAC
Braided shoulder strap, 25 mm, in Epsom calfskin, indigo blue/black/packed earth

073650CKAB
Ecru/black *Cavale* strap, 25 mm, with black Swift calfskin

073647CKAA
Braided shoulder strap, 40 mm, in Epsom calfskin, indigo blue/extreme pink/lime

073649CKAC
Malachite/electric-blue *Cavale* strap, 25 mm, with black Swift calfskin and small snap clasp

073651CKAE
Indigo-blue/packed-earth *Cavale* strap, 50 mm, with black Swift calfskin

073650CKAD
Multi-coloured *Cavale* strap, 25 mm, with black Swift calfskin and large snap clasp

073650CKAA
Ecru/beige *Cavale* strap, 25 mm, and gold Swift calfskin

Page 54

073558CKU4
Bolide 1923 30 bag in vertigo-green Novillo bull calfskin

073650CKAD
Multi-coloured *Cavale* strap, 25 mm, with black Swift calfskin and large snap clasp

Pages 56–57

744060H382
Jacket, leather detail, in flannel-colour wool flannel

747305HA36
Turtleneck tee-shirt with long sleeves, saddlestitch details, in anise wool

745500H382
Trousers in flannel-colour wool flannel

742400HE02
Blouson with ribbing in black wool flannel and technical canvas

747335HA82
Crew-neck pullover in flannel wool with coloured finishing

743220HC99
Trousers in hemp nubuck lambskin

693095T 14
Carrément pois scarf in cashmere and silk, khaki/navy blue/yellow

Page 58

744030H381
Jacket in charcoal wool flannel

746370H210
Fitted shirt in string cotton poplin

745500H381
Trousers in charcoal wool flannel

172303ZH02
Sneakers in black technical canvas and black calfskin

741210H538
Coat in brown wool cloth and alpaca

747015HA02
Turtleneck tee-shirt with long sleeves and saddlestitch details in black cashmere

745300HA02
Trousers in black cotton gabardine

Page 59

741200H710
Coat in string prince-of-wales macro wool

747155HA10
Turtleneck pullover in string six-ply cashmere

745300HA02
Trousers in black cotton gabardine

074253CKAA
Étrivière shopping aviateur bag in peat Cristobal bull calfskin, ebony Hunter cowhide and verdigris sheepskin

Page 60

742200HC01
Blouson with ribbing in navy-blue checked wool and neoprene

746390HJ10
Shirt with collar effect in string cotton twill and cashmere

745300HA32
Trousers in havana cotton gabardine

049676CKAA
Belt in black/gold Togo calfskin

074331CKAA
Haut à courroies 50 Toodoo bag in medium-grey wool felt and midnight-blue Togo calfskin

172330ZH02
Boots in black calfskin

Page 61

743600HH02
Blouson with ribbing in black rubbery lambskin and crocodile

747250HA10
Crew-neck pullover in string wool with leather ribbon detail

273094T 05
Cent Pois carré 90 in wool and silk, black/wine red/verdigris/bright yellow

049676CKAA
Belt in black/gold Togo calfskin

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743310HD10
Straight blouson in string étrivière babylamb

745300HA02
Trousers in black cotton gabardine

Product details

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742310HD01
Trench coat in navy-blue cotton corduroy with detachable sheepskin collar

747195HA01
Crew-neck pullover in navy-blue wool and cashmere with robot print

745250HA02
Trousers in black cotton gabardine with random loops detail

Page 65

743110HB02
Belted parka in black grained sport calfskin

747150HA10
Crew-neck pullover in string 6-ply cashmere

745205HF10
Slim-fit trousers in string cotton corduroy

273094T 05
Cent Pois carré 90 in wool and silk, black/wine red/verdigris/bright yellow

071824FJ
Ring in brushed stainless steel

Pages 66-67

792664D66S
Turtleneck pullover with lozenges in almond viscose knit

791412D5V1
Cargo shorts in lapis-blue slippery calfskin

792906DQV3
Tights in slate-blue camelhair and silk thrown knit

Page 68

792618D091
Turtleneck pullover in off-white silk and cashmere knit

790402DJ02
Belted flared trousers in black wool and silk with satin lining

072960CKAE
Bracelet in black/gold Swift calfskin

172243ZG2
Boots in moka calfksin

075072CKAA
Hermès 2002 bag in purple ostrich skin with clasp in palladium-plated metal

Page 69

790522DR1C
Dress with panel effect in marble-white silk twill with *Beta de Nathalie Du Pasquier* print

Page 70

791138DM02
Zipped blouson in black outdoor calfskin

792618D091
Crew-neck pullover in off-white silk and cashmere knit

791307D43V
Gore skirt in carmine-red grained lambskin

172239ZSP
Boots in pine goatskin suede and mosaic-green calfskin

Page 71

790122DE5H
Coat in blue-black wool felt and cashmere, notched finish in leather

790400DHN0
Cigarette trousers in mosaic-green stretch wool

Page 72

792657DQ7W
Crew-neck pullover in dolomite-red camelhair and silk thrown knit

790402DKM3
Belted flared trousers in rust double cotton

172101ZA3
Thigh boots in natural calfskin

Page 73

791101D83C
Horse blanket-style coat in amber-orange sheepskin

Page 74

792616D6S0
Ribbed pullover in guava-pink viscose knit

791412D55H
Cargo shorts in blue-black slippery calfskin

Page 75

791101D83C
Horse blanket-style coat in amber-orange sheepskin

792657DQ7W
Crew-neck pullover in dolomite-red camelhair and silk thrown knit

790402DKM3
Belted flared trousers in rust double cotton

172101ZA3
Thigh boots in natural calfskin

Page 76

792650DP9U
Buttoned pullover with lozenges and silk details in bay-pink camelhair knit

790428DL7W
Tube trousers in dolomite-red checked double wool

172243ZG2
Boots in moka calfskin

Page 77

790211DSM3
Coat in rust herringbone pattern tweed-effect virgin wool

792658DQ7W
Slim turtleneck sweater in dolomite-red camelhair and silk thrown knit

790414DHT6
Masculine trousers in royal-blue stretch wool

172243ZG2
Boots in moka calfskin

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790217DHN0
Sartorial jacket in mosaic-green stretch wool

792616D6N0
Ribbed pullover in mosaic-green viscose knit

790400DHN0
Cigarette trousers in mosaic-green stretch wool

Product details

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791120DS2K
Overstitched coat in burnt-orange nappa-finish fine lambskin

792616D6S0
Ribbed pullover in guava-pink viscose knit

791301DS2K
Overstitched trapeze skirt in burnt-orange nappa-finish fine lambskin

217132B
Chaîne d'ancre punk necklace in rose gold and diamonds

Page 80

790122DE5H
Coat in blue-black wool felt and cashmere, notched finish in leather

790650DWG9
Masculine shirt in mauve Roman silk crêpe

Page 81

790122DE5H
Coat in blue-black wool felt and cashmere, notched finish in leather

Page 98

741210H310
Coat with leather detail in string showerproof double cashmere

747370HA09
Crew-neck sweatshirt in verdigris cotton with leather robot patch detail

743120HB02
Trousers in black-grained sport calfskin

172165ZH4C
Boots in burgundy calfskin

Page 99

747210HA10
Turtleneck sweater in string macro houndstooth cashmere and wool

745500H387
Trousers in taupe wool flannel

Page 100

747285HA09
Crew-neck pullover in verdigris cable-effect sheepskin and wool

Page 101

744030HD01
Six-button jacket with pointed lapel in navy-blue *pois de laine* and cotton

745205HF02
Slim trousers in black corduroy

273094T 02
Cent Pois carre 90 scarf in wool and silk, navy blue/pilot blue/bright orange

Page 102

744020H878
Two-button jacket with pointed lapel in rosewood smooth velvet

747015HA49
Long-sleeved turtleneck tee-shirt in wine-red cashmere with saddle topstitching detail

745500H878
Trousers in rosewood smooth velvet

172165ZH4C
Boots in burgundy calfskin

Page 103

747355HA01
Turtle-neck pullover
in navy-blue wool with
satin robot patch detail

745500H878
Trousers in rosewood
smooth velvet

074351CKAA
Belt in calfskin 135 and
Togo calfskin, black/gold

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747105HA72
Crew-neck pullover
in pilot-blue
two-ply cashmere

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747350HA02
Polo-neck sweater
in black wool with satin
robot patch detail

745205H809
Slim trousers in verdigris
smooth velvet

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747175HA01
Turtleneck sweater in
black three-ply cashmere
with maxi-ribbing

745300HA02
Trousers in black
cotton gabardine

064517CK89
Étrivière 32 belt in black
Sombrero calfskin

Page 107

747120HA01
Cardigan in
patchwork navy-blue
two-ply cashmere
and goatskin suede
patchwork

747010HA01
Crew-neck tee-shirt
in navy-blue cashmere
with saddle topstitching
detail

745300HA87
Trousers in taupe
gabardine cotton

064517CKK7
Étrivière 32 belt
in dark-blue Sombrero
calfskin

172165ZH4C
Boots in burgundy calfskin

References
p. 3: Ludwig Feuerbach,
Towards a Critique of Hegel's Philosophy, 1839
p. 29: Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, 1890.

ST LOUIS

FOLIA

Radiance of crystal, strength of wood.

BY NOÉ DUCHAUFOUR-LAWRANCE

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@saintlouiscrystal

OBJECT (NON)SENSE

Text: Professor Totus

After diving deep among the treasures (or the inferno!) of the Conservatory of Hermès creations, Professor Totus shares with us a sample of his miraculous and no less equivocal catch.

1. Key ring or pendant (the chain is missing) whose ring in guilloche metal holds a magnifying glass. An inclination to look through keyholes? An optical lighter, a must for the elegant pyromaniac? In any case, an instance of deviance and perversion worthy of the 1970s.

2. *Hector II* lady's bag. Curious in every respect. Firstly, there is no known predecessor by the name of *Hector I*. Secondly, one wonders how a woman's bag could bear such a masculine name. Finally, because it uses the *Chaîne d'ancre* bracelet by way of a clasp, this bag relieves its happy owner of the obligation to buy the precious jewel itself. And there you have it: how to shoot yourself in the foot with a bag.

3. *Lentille* hunting flask: flattened cylinder in chrome brass, sheathed in pigskin, with a hollowed centre holding two drinking cups, top to bottom. We tremble, not for the prey, happily spared by the hallucinatory effects of such libations, but for the drinkers.

4. *Okeanis*, a ruler-cum-paper knife in silvered brass, forms a parallelepiped with a convex top, split in an undulating diagonal. Its sharp sides act as blades, or rather two. The object's density means that it can also be used as a paperweight. However, do not try to use it as a tin opener, an adjustable wrench, or a mug to slake your thirst. Unless you're a sword swallower.

5. A table in walnut wood with a sliding top, one side of which has two "reversible" supports for two glasses, while the other is a mirror. The glasses can be moved instantly from the top without falling over. An ideal system for coping with the sea, its swells and its waves, on a comfortable yacht. Or maybe it was designed for the America market during the years of Prohibition?

6. *Forêt* book holder, no doubt thus named because it is made of wood – varnished cherry wood to be precise. Made in 1997, it consists of two risers and a crossbar forming an H. It has four silicone glides marked "Hermès", one of which can be moved to reveal a cavity ideal for stashing the treasure of the Templars, the Queen's necklace or any other bulky bauble.

7. Why a golf watch-belt, made in around 1930? So as not to expose a wristwatch to the knocks resulting from that most brutal of sports! The watch being hidden under the belt buckle, the player can take a discreet look at the time on a dial whose numerals are upside down for precisely that purpose. Also suitable for bats. It's a topsy-turvy world.

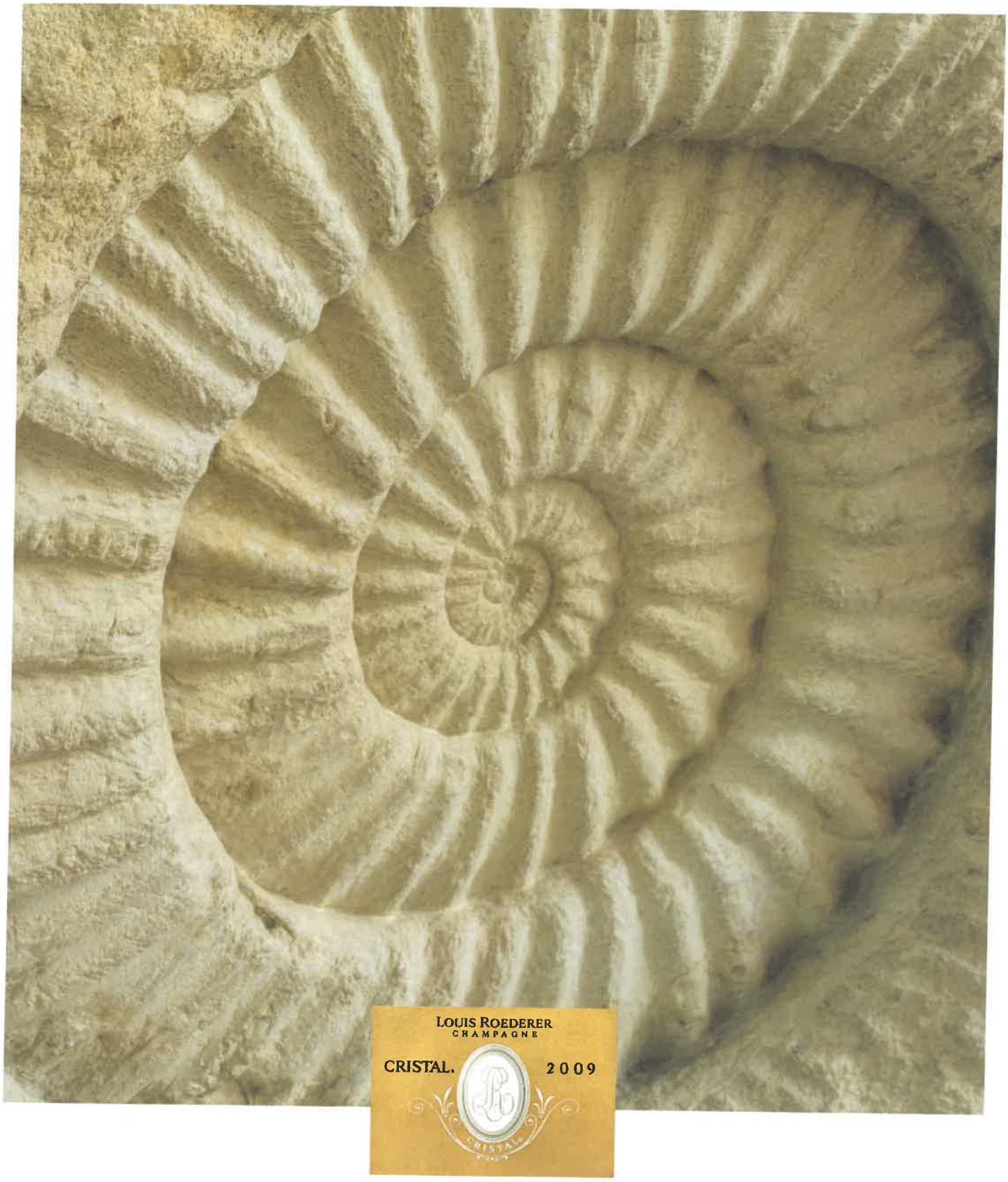
8. Knife wallet, with a manicuring blade for impeccable hands and a handle that holds four 1-franc coins for the parking meter. The perfect accessory for keeping your nose clean and your hands impeccable. Unless the sharp blade that completes the ensemble makes it the criminal instrument of the pickpocket and the cutpurse.

9. Shooting stick, for hunting or beating, whose upper end bears the inscription "This side up". The information is especially useful for the absent-minded in that the lower end consists of a long bare point, made to be stuck in the ground. Get the fundamentals right.

10. Truncated cone-shaped paper basket in cowhide, exterior in green box calfskin, strengthened at the top and bottom by rivets. Lined with a zinc bucket, it becomes a champagne cooler. Overturned, it becomes a tiara worn when dressing up as Assurbanipal, king of the Assyrians. The articulated handle of the basket/ice bucket then turns into a very handy chinstrap.

11. Manicure kit inlaid with a silver Louis medallion, comprising spring-mounted curved steel micro-scissors, a curved-back blade and a curved-back nail file, dated 1951. A dream for manicured James Bonds. But production was stopped after a reminder of the law of 1810 making it illegal to mutilate, destroy or modify coins.

12. It is said that this porthole bracelet (it has one, with a hinge allowing it to pivot) in white calfskin and gold-plated brass could be used to carry, held in the porthole, a coin to rent a cabin on the beach. An idea of Captain Nemo's? Note that the object can also be used in the metro to buy a bar of chocolate from a vending machine.



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